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# CORN HILL

## MAGAZINE

EDITED BY  
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MAY  
1936

	PAGE
HONORIA LAWRENCE IN 1843 .. .. .	Maud Diver 513
LOVE'S ALCHEMY: A SONNET .. .. .	C. MacQueen 526
THE FAMILY TEAPOTS .. .. .	Lawrence Housman 527
A GREEN GLASS BALL: A STORY .. .. .	W. M. Letts 530
TENNYSON PAPERS: III. 'IDYLLS OF THE KING'	
	Charles Tennyson, C.M.G. 534
SHREW MARRIAGE .. .. .	Phyllis Kekway 558
MAKE A GAME OF IT: A CRICKET STORY	Hugh de Selincourt 569
ALPINE ADVENTURES: III. 1905 .. .. .	A. Carson Roberts 583
'ST. PAUL'S, IN COVENT GARDEN' .. .. .	Mollie Ogletborpe 589
THE INCONGRUOUS PARTNERSHIP: A TALE OF AFRICA	
	C. T. Stoneham 590
PAUSE, LOVELY YEAR: A POEM .. .. .	Anthony ffettyplace 604
GOOD REST: A SONNET .. .. .	K. O'Neill-Bailey 606
THE MARMOSET: A STORY .. .. .	James Barrie 607
THE WEE BA': A VERACITY .. .. .	A. E. Cooper 612
EVENSONG, MAGDALEN CLOISTERS: A SONNET	Michael Sheldon 620
OWL OF BLACK ROCK: A STORY .. .. .	F. G. Turnbull 621
TALES OF A GUIDE: V. THE GAME WARDEN	Thurstan Topham 632
THE RUNNING BROOKS .. .. .	636
LITERARY COMPETITION .. .. .	640

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vii

# THE TIMES

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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1936.

HONORIA LAWRENCE IN 1843.

BY MAUD DIVER.

## I.

Little is now known or remembered of Honoria Lawrence, wife of Sir Henry Lawrence—first and best-loved ruler of the Punjab and the famous defender of Lucknow: yet of her it was written by Sir Herbert Edwardes—their life-long friend: 'Never had great public servant a help more meet for him.' The truth of his tribute has been proved to me in the course of studying her letters and journals as a prelude to telling the story of her eventful and courageous life.

Henry Lawrence himself, innately religious, must have seen the guiding 'hand of Providence' in his early meeting with Honoria Marshall, a lively intelligent Irish girl, a creature of natural grace and unspoilt charm, recognised—almost at sight—as his destined mate. Though fulfilment tarried many years, the event more than justified the instant conviction of his heart. 'She seemed the female power—in Eastern phrase—of himself:'—wrote another mutual friend—'entering into all his pursuits, counting nothing evil that was shared with him. Her enthusiasm never flagged. Rather it burned with a steadier glow to her life's end.'

They had been married six years, when Colonel Lawrence was appointed British Resident at Nepal, the beautiful, little-known high-land kingdom captured by the Gurkhas in the days of Clive. In 1815 the aggressive Gurkha policy of expansion had provoked England to a war, which resulted in defeat, with permission to retain internal independence provided that the Rajah would admit a permanent British Resident, his doctor and Assistant, to the court of his capital, Katmandu. Till now, no married officer had been appointed to the Court; and there were rumours of a prophecy that the admission of a white-faced woman to Nepal would bring about the downfall of their Empire. Nevertheless, after some hesitation, permission had been accorded to this particular white woman, whose imagination had long since been captured by the mystery of that forbidden country.

Lawrence must go first, and she must follow after: a journey of some nine hundred miles, from the Northern Himalayas to the edge of Nepal; partly through British India, partly through the independent

kingdom of Oudh, with never a stretch of railway 'to set the miles at naught,' and only one form of conveyance for those who could not ride—the palanquin or 'doolie'; a canvas box, seven feet by four, stretched on a wooden frame, with curtained openings and a pole at either end, shouldered by eight men who shuffled along at an average rate of four or five miles an hour. The bearers were relieved at fixed stages along the line of route; and, at any threat of danger, they could be relied upon to dump down their burden and melt into the landscape, leaving the helpless victim to any fate that might befall. Only a brave woman would care to face such a journey alone: two months and more, with one long halt at Lucknow. But the courage of Honoria Lawrence was above proof. And so characteristically is her own account written, that, for the most part, she shall tell her own tale, from the day that she left her hill cottage in Kasauli, to join her husband in Ambāla, where he was winding up his district affairs.

By October 10th, all was packed ready for her flight; and in spite of 'crowding hopes and fears' it was not without sadness that she journeyed down that beautiful hill road—perhaps for the last time; she in her 'jampan' with the boy Alick, her ayah sitting cross-legged in a flat litter; coolies ambling ahead with her light luggage: all heavy boxes having gone on before.

Down and down, a winding descent of six thousand feet; on her left, the rocky mountain wall: on her right, spurs and ridges and velvet crumplings of foot-hills; a boundless view of the Punjab plains dimly seen through a bluish veil of mist, 'that gave the distance an ocean-like aspect.' Far off, in the west, the river Sutlej 'wound a glittering track, holding up successive mirrors to the sinking sun.' Let Honoria herself carry on the tale:

By the time we reached Pinjor a glorious full moon had risen behind a bare, brown hill. Here stands a garden-house, belonging to the Patiala Rajah, surrounded by a battlemented wall, divided into terraces, and traversed by a stream. At every terrace, the stream rushes down in a miniature cascade, between flights of steps, to a square pond below; and at the verge of each descent stands a summer-house, through which the water flows. The white buildings are polished into a fair imitation of marble; and the stream studded with fountains, that were set playing in my honour. I chose the largest summer-house for sleeping; three open archways on each side and the stream running through the centre. Wadded curtains filled up the openings on one side, and the wall of a tent made the other side of a tiny bed-chamber. The low

couch had a silk mattress stuffed with soft cotton; and, to my surprise, a clean muslin sheet, tied round the corners with gold and silken cord. A wadded silk quilt and plenty of silk pillows made a very tempting couch; but I carefully spread a pair of my own sheets over the Rajah's *un-washable* bed furniture!

We passed four weeks in Ambāla; a month of hurry-scurry, hustle-bustle: *this* we must take, *that* we must leave, but nobody will buy. What shall we do with these? In spite of many uprootings, we were absurd enough to believe that we were about to have a permanent abode at Katmandu. Accordingly we got rid of all our worldly goods, except wearing apparel.

People at Home can scarcely picture the small vexations of this roving life; buying things dear, because we must have them; selling them cheap, because we must get rid of them. Trying to carry about some few household goods; the vexation of their arriving smashed, cracked, drenched, after jolting in crazy carts, over unutterably bad roads; being dragged through streams, and occasionally lodged for a day or two at the bottom. At first I could have cried over the demolition of goods that I thought it impossible to do without; but every year in India, my list of necessities decreased.

We took up our quarters in the Badshah-i-bagh,<sup>1</sup> the remains of a halting-place, built by the Mogul Emperors, for their marches from Delhi to Kashmir, now Europeanised into a spacious house. Under one of the old trees, Henry held his Court; and our dis-furnished abode was crowded by a succession of travellers; some absolute strangers; some old friends; all coming, as a matter of course, to rest with us on their way to headquarters. For in October and November, all India is on the move. Most of our guests had servants of their own. All had the bedding of their palanquins. We had good store of sheep, poultry, and 'Allsopp's Pale Ale'; and these things suffice, coming under the delightfully convenient term of '*Camp fashion*.' I abhor set parties, but greatly enjoy an assemblage, guaranteed by that dear little phrase, which sets everybody at ease, the hostess included.

*Business wound up and everything sold—more or less—Henry must push on to reach Nepal by the date assigned; leaving Honoria to move more leisurely down-country. Looking back, years after, to that courageous journey, she made a lively story of her lone adventure.*

<sup>1</sup> King's Garden.

I often think how pleasant it would be to go Home, and only have to step into a coach, to be whirled to one's destination. Now you shall learn how to prepare for a 'dāk' trip. You must know that *dāk* means *post*; and every ten miles there is a *chowkee*, or station, where fresh relays of bearers are to be found. On a civilised road, there are rest-houses (*dāk bungalows*), at intervals of forty or fifty miles. To begin with, you must write to the post-master, 'to *lay* bearers' along the line you are going. Then see that your *palki* is well provided for the road; in the flat tin box on the roof, a change of clothes; a tiny box of tea, a canister of sugar and of sago; a loaf of bread, a cold fowl, two pint bottles of beer, a corkscrew and metal cup; a candlestick, and wax candles. Have your medicine chest inside; oh, and don't forget to tie on to the pole a small tin kettle, your *chilumchi*<sup>1</sup> and *lota*.<sup>2</sup>

And have you written to the Civilian of each district to give you a mounted guard? Have you got coppers in case you want to buy milk? Then just tie that roll of string to the *palki*: something will be sure to give way before long. Put your writing-case under your pillow. And now you are ready to *start*.

After preparations much like these, I sent my *palki* on, as far as Pānipat, and left Kurnal in the Nawab's carriage, at one p.m. on the 23rd November, with Alick, my five-year-old boy, who is now very companionable. He talks English—which is rare for a child reared in India, and speaks Hindustani better than I do.

We whirled along over the great plain, *Sir Hind*—'Head of India,' where the empire of Hindustan has so often been lost and won. My whole turn-out was a good specimen of the comfortless luxuries in which India abounds. Two armed horsemen, gaily clad, rode by the carriage; a groom ran along by each horse, and on the coach box sat the driver, with a Jemadar: a sort of major-domo, who makes himself indispensable. 'In fact, he is your Sanctum Sanctorum,' I once heard the wife of a General officer say. Possibly she meant *Factotum*!

The carriage was a rickety, uneasy, old barouche: and, as we started at midday, the sun blazed into every corner. *Fancy yourself* sitting inside a spoon, held opposite the fire; with a piercing cold wind blowing about your ears, raising clouds of dust in your face, as you go, bump, jolt, grind, grate, over the vilest road imaginable. I was really glad to reach Pānipat and get into my *palki*, much as I dislike that over-grown coffin.

<sup>1</sup> Brass basin.

<sup>2</sup> Brass water pot.

At eight in the evening, I bade the bearers set me down, and sent a horseman with my *lota* to the nearest village, for some milk, to make a cup of tea. Part of our turn-out, on a *dāk* trip, is a torch-bearer, who at night runs alongside, holding his flambeau, and a flask of oil to feed it. So a fire was easily lit; and there we all squatted, while it boiled our kettle, and the *massalchi* held his flaming torch to light us. Over all was the lofty sky; and around us the balmy air, of a freshness quite indescribable.

Up came the old man from whom the milk had been bought; and I paid him the full value, much to his surprise. But still he lingered; and pointing to Alick, he said, 'I have a grandson that size, dying of fever.'

The medicine-chest was immediately produced; some calomel and antimonial powder, with a dose of castor oil. He took the medicine thankfully: and in a few minutes I was surrounded by patients. One man brought a boy with enlarged spleen; and I thought a dose of rhubarb and magnesia could do no harm. Another wanted a similar dose for his little brother: and I was glad to set off again before my skill and bottles were exhausted.

It seems strange to think of a lady, travelling with twenty men or so, at night, often through an absolute desert: she, sometimes, unable to speak or understand a sentence of Hindustani; her baggage, including shawls and jewels, carried on these men's shoulders: she and her possessions entirely in their power; on the very ground where Thugs are strangling a man for half a crown's worth of silver ornaments, or merely to keep themselves in practice. Yet an unprotected woman can travel safely thus from one end of India to the other, thanks to the spell of the English name. I myself have never felt a moment's fear: and I set small store by my mounted guard, who is generally a mile behind or before my party.

So on we jogged again—the livelong night. And at dawn the bearers put down the palki, saying there were no fresh men to take it up. I got out and looked round. We were in an utterly bare and desolate place; but I could see, about a mile off, a clump of trees. If there be trees, there must be water; probably a well and some human habitation. I promised the bearers a present, if they would carry me on to the trees; and there, sure enough, I found a straw-built hut, with a *bunnia* seated at the door, ready to sell grain and small stores to travellers.

Now I felt quite at home: gave the men some money to buy

meal; and they soon cooked their *chupatties*, while I prepared my own breakfast, sitting in the shade, till the bearers had breakfasted and smoked, when they promised to take me on to Delhi. But I soon saw a carriage drive up, kindly sent out to bring me in the last stage: and by eleven we were safe with our friends in Delhi—the old Mogul capital.

*The wonders of Delhi—new and impressive in Honoria's eyes—have been so often described that they are almost familiar, by now, even to those who have never seen their stately splendours of fort palace and tombs.*

*One lovely turret she conjured into a picture that haunts the mind:*

'We went up to the *Jasmin Burj*—a little arched chamber, overhanging the Jumna; the walls, of white marble, carved into a delicate lace-like tracery of jasmine. Eastward, over the river, the rising sun lit up a vapoury mist, harmonising and beautifying a panorama of mosques, palaces and tombs. In strange contrast to that airy vision were the lumbering barges heaped with bales of cotton. It seems hard to understand how people who could raise such buildings centuries ago, should to this day go on using such crazy river craft.

*And here is a glimpse into the underworld of India's mingled beauty and terror:*

We wandered with a guide, among the catacombs beneath the palace: and as we threaded one of the passages, our torch-bearer turned suddenly up a very narrow alley, with no outlet. But his lifted torch showed a chasm in the wall. Through it he crept cautiously—and we followed. Then he knelt down; and we saw a deep pit, crossed by a beam from which hung rusty, mouldering chains. It made a good picture: the swarthy Mahomedan, with his long beard, kneeling on the edge of the pit; lifting his torch and disturbing swarms of bats that clung to the roof: then flaring it down, to show us the gaping depth beneath. This was the *Phan-seegahr* or place of hanging. Only a few years ago the wall was broken open, and this pit discovered: skeletons of women suspended from the beam. So it is supposed that this was the place where obnoxious ladies of the harem were disposed of—a 'cleanlier riddance' than sewing them up in a sack, and throwing them into the river.

While dwelling among tombs, I must not omit a very beautiful Mahomedan custom; that of lighting lamps on their friend's graves at nightfall. Each tomb has a little recess for a lamp, and rarely

is the humblest grave without this tribute to the dead. I know not who keeps the light, after the relatives are gone. Strangers must often do the charitable work. Returning from our evening drive, it was pretty to watch the glimmering lights kindle, one after another, as if the fairies were busy : each grave with its little *chigrag*, a saucer of red, baked earth, to hold oil, with a lip for the wick.

AGRA, 4th December.

Still detained here, for lack of conveyance. The weather is delightful—clean, calm and bracing. But personally I chafe at wasting, in a house, the season for being in tents. Not a military camp, but our own, dear, delightful camp, pitched in some spot of our own choosing, where we enjoy an elastic feeling of liberty, such as I know nothing to equal. In the great palace of a house, where I am staying, three rooms are given to me. My bedroom has no less than six pairs of lofty folding doors, not one of which fits closely. Some will only stay shut by means of a table or box ; others refuse to open, beyond a certain angle. It is a serious undertaking to stretch up to the great stiff bolt that fastens another door ; and when, after infinite pulling, twisting and shaking, you have opened it, open it must remain, till you choose to get up and close it. If you wish for privacy, you must be prepared to get up and remove the barricades, every time you call ‘ *Kohi hai* ’<sup>1</sup> to summon a servant. Why bells have never been introduced in Indian houses, I know not. Perhaps because they are swarming with servants, *content to sit all day*, perfectly idle, ready to jump up and answer when called. So we must live with open doors, unless we choose to immure a servant in the room with us, which is among the few Indianisms I cannot fall into. The black beings, gliding about with noiseless bare feet, are still a grievous worry to me.

I hope patent stoves will not have arrived before we go home ; for one of the luxuries I look forward to is sitting by a blazing coal fire, my feet on the fender, a polished poker to wield. Here the fire-places are such comfortless, incomplete things ! And the smouldering wood sulks into a sort of charcoal ; the mere look of it enough to chill anybody.

On December the 5th she went out with a large party of Futhépur Sikri, some twenty miles from Agra, where Akbar built the beautiful desolate palace in which he was never to live.

Tents, servants and provisions had been sent out the day before ;

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Anyone there ? ’

and a carriage was placed at my disposal: a most outlandish-looking affair, that seemed once to have been an English-built barouche; but its outside was battered, its red cushions faded and torn. Its original light wheels had been replaced by clumsy uncompromising ones, that would stick at nothing. Four mules were harnessed to it by a wonderful complication of broken straps, tongue-less buckles, and knotted rope. On the stump of a coach-box, sat a wild Punjabi, with long black hair and beard; a wisp of turban twisted round his head; sundry pieces of blue checked cloth, fluttering about his body. How these people manage to keep on their floating drapery is always a mystery to me!

Though this man held the reins, the task of encouraging the mules was performed by another, who ran alongside, incessantly talking to them. Once, when he fell behind, they promptly stood still in deep sand. The coachman, not attempting to make them move, stood up on the seat, put his hand to his mouth, and sang out in a prolonged chant, '*Ho! toom bolni walla! Aō!*' ('You whose work it is to speak—Come!') Up came the *bolni walla*, and expostulated so effectively with the mules, that off they scampered once more, over rough and smooth.

By ten o'clock we reached our camp, pitched close to the ruins. A melancholy heap; only a few portions perfect, the rest looking like an army of men cut down in their prime. One special thing I must mention, as eminently characteristic of the period. Here there still is, in perfect preservation, a large open-air platform, paved in squares of black and white marble, forming a gigantic chess-board, in the centre of which stood the throne. And here a right royal game of chess was played in the royal presence. Thirty-two ladies were picked from the *Zenāna*, to represent the pieces; two favourite nobles were chosen to play the game; and the victor carried off the whole thirty-two damsels.

No wonder there were victims for the *Phanseegeahr!*

## II.

Lucknow—at last! And here I have a fresh view of Indian life: a town and court still kept up in native style. The gilded stucco and white paint has an upstart air after the marble desolation of Agra. Yet it is a curious, even a splendid city. It stands on the river Goomti, and has been likened by travellers to Moscow

or Constantinople, with its gilded domes, slender pillars and colonnades, its Grecian-looking houses several storeys high.

From the palace and Residency quarter, a fine street leads through the Gate of Constantinople. A horseman, spurring full speed, entreats that we draw up and lower our umbrellas as the King is approaching. Next comes a train of elephants, going out for their morning bath in the river. Anon, a gay English carriage, with out-riders, conveying some of the Residency party—ladies dressed in the latest fashion, officers in gay uniforms riding alongside.

The crowd itself is indescribably picturesque. The most brilliant colours prevail : shawls of every variety, gaily embroidered shoes, with long curled toes, and a profusion of trinkets. Here we meet a camel-rider, on a high, peaked saddle, with red and yellow trappings, bells jingling round the camel's neck, while the sowar guides him by a string, fastened to a hook in his nose. The string is held short, the animal's long neck turned from side to side, like the tiller of a rudder. Close to him a huge elephant waddles along, his face painted, his tusks tipped and circled with silver. On he ambles, without an effort ; and you do not realise how fast he is moving, till you observe the rate at which one of his keepers is running alongside, carrying a ladder for the riders to mount and dismount.

Above the flat roof-tops, towards evening, the sky would be full of many-coloured kites : no childish game in Lucknow, but a serious sport. From the King downward, kites are almost as interesting here as horses at Newmarket. Bearded men sit on the house-tops launching rival kites and steering them adroitly. Some sharpers attach pounded glass to their strings and entangle them with their neighbours, which are soon cut by the friction.

*On Christmas Eve she wrote :*

I have come in for a gay sight : the arrival of the new Resident, General Sir George Pollock, at this court : and I joined a party going to see the procession that went out to meet him.

The whole city was astir, long before dawn : drums beating, guns firing, troops mustering. We took up our station in a gateway leading to the park. There from a lofty arch, with small rooms above it, we could watch the procession approach : see it pass close under us, and out beyond. Through the morning mist, up the long, slightly curved street, bordered by motley architecture, I saw the living mass move forward. One large carriage, almost

covered with gold, was drawn by eight richly caparisoned elephants; another, by twelve fine horses. There were light bamboo carts, filled with pigeons, that were let loose in flocks, and flew about in the morning sun.

A discharge of artillery announced that the King had left his palace: and soon we heard the deep tones of the kettledrums. Then there was a stir among the crowd; camel-riders jungling along; running footmen in loose scarlet robes, bearing silver staves: cavalry dressed like lancers, men in complete armour, bands of music and a gaily adorned elephant bearing the kettledrums. Another, carried a man with peacock's-feather *chowris*; and a third bore the golden *chāttha*—the royal umbrella. Behind these came the King's own elephant, smothered in trappings, bearing a howdah of gold and silver. Within squatted his cross-legged Majesty of Oudh so turbaned and shawled and jewelled, that it was difficult to discern the speck of *man*, in the mass of finery. Looking straight before him, with vast dignity, he seemed perfectly unconscious of the surrounding multitudes.

After him followed scores of other elephants bearing the royal family, nobles of the court, English officers in staff uniforms. And from the far distance approached a shining cavalcade, as the Resident came to meet the King. Again a discharge of guns announced that they had embraced, and Sir George had climbed into the royal howdah. Then the two cavalcades proceeded to the palace, where a grand breakfast was prepared for the whole party.

The principal palace, called *Farreed Baksh*, stands on the river; and, from the far side, looks very well. But I could not go over without my parasol, for walking through the open courts; and the remotest relation to the royal umbrella was not to be heard of within the royal precincts. The King allows only the Resident such a privilege. After sundry delicate negotiations, however, it was decided that Henry being Resident at one Native Court, I might be allowed to carry a parasol at another! So 'the case was ruled.'

*On Christmas Day, her birthday, it was peculiarly hard to be apart from the man, who, after seven years of marriage, was still her 'world.' But she could rejoice that the days of separation were numbered: and on the 2nd all was ready for the final stages that would take her through the Gorakhpur region of those blissful early days when she was new to India and to marriage. And beyond Gorakhpur lay the journey with Henry through unknown Nepal. A*

last letter, despatched that day, would reach him sooner than she could hope to do.

MY OWN—This will be sent to the *dāk* after I am gone, so you will know that, at length, I *am* off. . . . What an age it seems since we parted on November 10th, my own darling. In that time, I have seen so many people and things that I feel as if it were at least a year! A very pleasant winding up of my intercourse with civilised life.

And now, when I think of *our two selves*—how delightfully snug we shall be! How much we shall read and write and talk and think and *pyar kurro*<sup>1</sup> one another. How strong we shall become! May these visions be realised; and when they are, may we, in our new wealth of life, have the 'blessing of God that maketh rich.' . . .

'Good-bye, beloved, for this time. Your own

H. L.'

By midday she was 'on trek' again, with her small army of coolies and bearers, and a new ayah—with difficulty persuaded to face service outside Hindustan. Crossing the Goomti by a bridge of boats, she had her last view of Lucknow throned on the shining river: palaces and temples, slender turrets, swelling domes and gleaming white walls repeated line for line in the water. And over on the far side, a troop of royal elephants were enjoying a bath: some lying down, others filling their trunks with water, and squirting out the contents over their own backs: each great beast attended by several keepers, rubbing and scrubbing, squeezing and kneading their charges: jumping on and off them as though they were Islands. Suddenly a skittish young monster, cleaned and dried, darted off, like a frisky child and rolled joyfully in the dust: its keepers calling out in dismay, 'My child, my brother, why are you so careless?'

One of them, in a spurt of impatience, gave the pachyderm an ineffectual thump on its hinder parts. 'Get along into the water again, you son of a good-for-nothing mother! Is it thus you pour out my liver and sit upon my breast? Faithless to salt! Get along!'

All through Oudh she was in Native State territory, yet travelling as safely as in British India. At Nawabgunj—an easy run of eighteen miles—she found a tent had been pitched for her by a Mahomedan gentleman; and she welcomed it as a friend.

How can I convey to those in England the exquisite luxury of

<sup>1</sup> Make love.

a good tent, pitched in a good position, any time between the first of November and the first of March? The fresh, cheerful freedom of such a dwelling! All joinings neatly fitted: a thick cotton carpet, even glass doors and a fire-place. But natives do not study comfort of this kind: they care more for brilliant colours. The tent prepared for me was striped scarlet and white outside, with gilt pinnacles to the poles: very picturesque in bright moonlight, relieved by masses of shadow from the mango trees above. And I was too tired to worry about the many gaps between roof and walls, letting in glimpses of dark sky and diamond stars.

*At Fyzabad, the decaying old capital of Oudh, the house of some lesser noble had been requisitioned for her. It consisted of one square, lofty room with a carved wooden gallery running round three sides: the whitewash mixed with pounded mica gave the walls a lovely appearance of dead silver. A wide, arched verandah framed a view of the gardens and a pond, with gold and silver fish. Better still, the 'house' contained a chair, a table, and a pair of candlesticks—very unusual in a native abode.*

'To be sure,' she added, 'there were no doors; and I still retain a home prejudice against my bed standing among a crowd of stray followers. But I discovered a recess that would hold it; hung up a curtain between me and my snoring attendants—who littered down on the floor—and slept comfortably enough.

*Not until she had crossed the river Gogra, in flat punts, did she pass from Oudh into British India. And soon after she found herself once again in that district of happy memories—Gorakhpur.*

Comparing old and new impressions, telling stories to my boy, I jogged along, halting at noon under a clump of tamarind trees to cook some sago. All my substantial provisions, being now consumed, I was well pleased, about three in the afternoon, to see a nice-looking house, surrounded by garden and farmyard and cultivated fields.

It is a rare thing to find a European house anywhere outside a cantonment: and I rejoiced at having already been bidden to turn in there and rest. A servant met me at the door, to say his master and mistress were absent.

'But you expect me?' I enquired.

'Certainly. All is ready for the Cherisher of the Poor.'

'Is there any dinner?'

'Even now it is ready.'

'What is there?'

'Everything.'

'I want only one dish. Let it be brought quickly.'

'Your Excellency, it is brought.'

While he spoke came the gardener, with a flat basket of vegetables and a nosegay in the centre. He salaamed and presented this *dāli* with a murmur of '*Baksheesh!*'

'Let these vegetables,' said I, 'be dressed for dinner.'

'What use?' replied the other. 'Has not the cook got everything?'

So I made over the *dāli* to the ayah, who was going to prepare her own food. 'Bring dinner quickly,' I said, and lay down on a sofa, while Alick played around.

Several times he wailed to me: 'Mamma, I'm *so* hungry.' And I bade him be patient. But after an hour had passed, I again called the servant.

'When will dinner be ready?'

'It is ready. It is brought.'

'Bring it directly. We are hungry.'

'The order is already obeyed.'

Another hour, much longer than the first, lagged on: and now my '*Kohi hai?*' echoed louder through the empty house.

The servant reappeared, looking extremely blank.

'When *will* dinner be ready?' I demanded. 'My child is starving. It is eight o'clock. Is *this* the way you treat me?'

The man folded his hands and bent forward. 'Will the slave's fault be forgiven? To tell the truth, there *is* nothing for dinner.'

'Why did you not say so at first, when I could have got it elsewhere?'

'This slave dreaded your high displeasure.'

'I am angry now, at all your lies. Bring me some eggs.'

'Forgive the hens at this place, madam. They never lay.'

'Make ready quickly, then, some *chupatties*.'

'Woe is me! What can I do? There is no flour left. Your highness's servants have eaten it all up.'

'Then get some fresh milk. I have tea of my own.'

'Alas, alas, who ever heard of fresh milk at this time of day? It is all boiled an hour ago.'

Luckily the annoyance had now risen to laughing-point, so I sent away 'the son of vexation,' and called *Ayah-ji* to my help. We ended in getting some unleavened cakes and unskimmed tea, upon which we went to sleep; and before daylight quitted the

inhospitable dwelling. I had no doubt that the master had left, for the expected travellers, full provisions, which the servants had made away with. The after-play was, I suppose, a manifestation of the obstinate childishness, so often seen in native character.

About sunset, we reached the river Rapti; exactly six years since Henry and I had crossed that stream, leaving Gorakhpur; and I hailed it as an old friend—the canoes, formed from one hollowed stem, a bamboo for oar and rudder; the clear and placid stream——

It was the first part of India I became acquainted with: and after six years of wandering among the hills and plains of Upper India, I return to find it more beautiful than ever. The snowy range stands out as of old, touched with the rosy tints of evening. The huge tamarind trees cast their shadow, absolute towers of verdure; the foliage of moss-like delicacy, but the whole tree so massive as to present an impenetrable shade. The clear, placid tanks still reflect the dark old mango trees where the monkeys skip merrily about. All the characteristics of this most beautiful district come upon me now, with the freshness of novelty, the delight of recollection.

#### *LOVE'S ALCHEMY.*

I NEVER knew the sun made pavements gold  
Until we walked along them side by side;  
Nor did I guess what subtle purples hide  
Within the darkest shadow's sombre fold,  
Until my hand thou didst in thine enfold  
Bidding me look and fear not. Then, flung wide,  
Life's narrow ways grew broad; naught mean did bide  
In that new world Love to mine eyes unrolled.

What is this magic, strangely, swiftly wrought,  
Which changes so the face of every day,  
And all the wonder of all time has taught  
To me, dull scholar? Tell me, will it stay  
All my life through, a splendour past all thought,  
And Life's mosaics still with gold inlay?

C. MACQUEEN.

### THE FAMILY TEAPOTS.

THIS small glass-fronted Cabinet  
Has got a curious stab in it  
For hearts in whose connection it  
Stirs memories affectionate.  
To our eyes, as we see, it is  
A shrine of dated deities,  
Around whose claims to reverence  
The years have wrought a severance.  
Here, by domestic piety  
Withdrawn from all society,  
Repose, in rich variety,  
These jars of sweet sobriety ;  
And still one scents, like spice in them,  
The virtue and the vice in them.

This teapot to the common eye  
Proclaims its Anno Domini :  
'Twas bought by Aunt Honoria,  
When good old Queen Victoria  
Attained with festal levity  
Phenomenal longevity :  
This shows, in regal vestments, her  
State-entry into Westminster.

This teapot, when it had a lid,  
Belonged to old Aunt Adelaide.  
She died from having swallowed it :  
The teapot might have followed it,  
Had she not proved omniscient,  
And found the lid sufficient.

This teapot of Aunt Caroline's  
All round it has got barrel-lines ;  
She drank out of the spout of it—  
We haven't got a doubt of it,—  
For, over and beneath in it,  
One finds the marks of teeth in it.

Her naughty nephew Billy sent  
This teapot to Aunt Millicent,  
Explaining how, in slipped ease,  
They dress at the Antipodes.

Upon it stand in crudity  
Two Nigger boys in nudity.  
Rejecting his excuse for it,  
Poor Auntie found no use for it :  
Her bonnet had a bee in it :  
She never would make tea in it.

This teapot of Aunt Jessica's  
All round it has got Vessicas ;  
Of chaste design, and spherical,  
It looks distinctly clerical.  
'Twas part of the machinery  
She took into the Deanery,  
Trying in ways fantastical  
To be ecclesiastical.  
Though bulky—with sufficient ease  
She plied it at her Mission-teas :  
Those exploits of frugality  
In Christian hospitality.

See, on this cracked and tottery  
Old piece of Wedgwood pottery,  
Which once was poor Aunt Harriet's  
A race of Roman chariots.  
To cover from society  
Her growing inebriety,  
She ran a sad career in it,  
Putting not tea but beer in it,  
And morningly and evenly  
Drank out of it deceivingly.  
The handle broke—that ended it ;  
No one has ever mended it.

This silver teapot latterly  
Belonged to Cousin Natalie ;  
The gift of Uncle Saeivius,  
It had, for some years previous,  
Adorned the domesticity  
Of dear old Aunt Felicity.  
From her, in ways peculiar,  
It passed to Cousin Julia,  
Till Laura, getting word of it,

Blew in and claimed a third of it.  
 There could be no dividing it,  
 So Julia started hiding it;  
 But that—as I expect you all  
 Would guess—proved ineffectual;  
 For presently, in spite of it,  
 Poor Julia lost sight of it;  
 And, as she had not shifted it,  
 Swore that some thief had lifted it—  
 Suspicion quite unmerited:  
 Laura had merely ferreted  
 To find what she'd inherited;  
 And kindly, not maliciously,  
 Contriving surreptitiously,  
 Had cured without aggressiveness  
 Her Sister's strange possessiveness.  
 When both from their locality  
 Had passed to immortality,  
 It reappeared, and latterly  
 Shared house with Cousin Natalie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, yes, indeed; that Cabinet  
 Has got a curious stab in it  
 For hearts in whose direction it  
 Breeds memories affectionate.  
 How fondly now one's fancy stirs  
 Toward those vanished ancestors,  
 Collaterals, and relations  
 Of by-gone generations!  
 In their defunct society,  
 What virtue, what variety!  
 What queerness, what stiff qualities,  
 What sternness, what frivolities!  
 How diverse, and how rangeable  
 Their gifts, yet how unchangeable!  
 With vices so detectable,  
 And yet all so respectable,  
 And all—so uncorrectable! . . .  
 Oh, when 'tis thus dissectable,  
 Is not all life delectable?

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

## A GREEN GLASS BALL.

BY W. M. LETTS.

'You must have a green glass ball,' said Mary's friend, 'the sort that fishermen float in their nets. I have a green one I'll give you, it'll look lovely floating on the pond among the goldfish.'

'Yes,' said Mary, 'I should love that. I love my little pond. It's only eighteen inches deep, but it grows a water-lily and there are newts at the bottom and the goldfish thrive in it. Don't forget the green glass ball.'

Mary's friend did not forget, she brought the ball and it floated like a beryl blown by a monster carp. Mary was pleased, she had so much that she liked,—her baby daughter, her garden, her little pond with the goldfish and now the green glass ball. She brought Celia, her daughter, to look at it. Celia still walked on uncertain feet, and she sat down with surprise when she saw the floating ball.

She said 'Ba,' which was as near as she could get to the word ball. Then she held out ecstatic little hands, like pink-petalled flowers.

Mary took out the ball and placed it, so cool and green and dripping, in the baby's hands. Celia clasped it, then with an effort she cast it from her, hoping for a crash, a shiver, the splendid catastrophe that she had noticed when crockery was broken in kitchen or nursery.

Mary laughed, for the ball had rolled on a carpet of aubretia and was unbroken. 'No, no,' she said. 'Mustn't break lovely ball. See how pretty!' She poked it and sent it floating off among the lily leaves.

Celia gazed with longing in her eyes, she pulled at her mother's hand, she lagged. Then suddenly she cried 'Upee! Upee!' and made signs to be picked up. She had seen old Moses, justly called 'the odd man,' among the cabbages. Old Moses had no teeth except two brown fangs and he loved to peep at her in her perambulator. He was not discouraged when she roared. He grinned and nodded and thrust flowers at her. He made queer noises in his throat that she could hear when she lay on her back

gazing at the sky. She had no words or definite thoughts as yet, for her knowledge of life was the result of but two years. She knew fear and it was the figure of a queer old man with a bearded face and teeth like fangs, an old man who mopped and mowed at her, who in his reflective moments made ugly noises and croaked about the garden. She knew desire and it meant a clear green ball riding on the water among flat leaves, while goldfish swam around and about it. To each of us our sense of beauty is religion. The green glass ball was beauty to Celia. Her day was full of things mostly pleasant, like meals and bath and rides in her perambulator, the kitten and the dog and her mother, and in the early morning a father who shaved before the mirror. But in spite of these distractions she did not really forget the green glass ball. It was lovelier than anything else and to hurl it and smash it would be lovelier still, for it would mean power.

'If she could get to it alone,' said Mary with a laugh, 'baby would break the ball. Why are they so destructive?' She did not wait for an answer.

'There's a destructive instinct in children,' she said. But destruction had not come near her yet. Her own happiness, like the green glass ball, floated on smooth water among flowers and shining leaves. She had so much and it was complete, unbroken. No Fury had snatched her ball and cast it among the stones.

One day Celia played in the garden with a new nursemaid. The girl was young and she knew how to enjoy the teddy bear and the duck and the pink cat as the baby did. She laughed and punched them till they squeaked. She pretended that they were alive. Celia shrieked with delight. She thought her new Maggie very good company. It was fun to sit on the big rug and play with her.

Then Esther, the housemaid, looked out of the window and called to Maggie.

'I see the old gipsy,' she said, 'at the back door. She'll tell your fortune for sixpence. I'm going down. She's a wonder.'

Maggie had a sixpence and she longed to have her fortune told. Celia was sitting on the rug trying to poke out the eyes of the pink velvet cat. She was busy and safe. 'Don't move from there like a good child. I'll be back directly,' said Maggie, and she went off among the raspberry bushes.

Celia dropped the pink cat and stood up. She looked about her, across the grass and away to the rows of peas. An old hat

bobbed up and down there. It was Moses picking pods. Celia saw that he was far away. She was glad, for he was Fear. Round the turn of the path, hidden by a group of phlox lay the little pond. There floated Beauty. Celia set off, a little blue figure in a sunbonnet. She was still unsteady on her feet and she fell once, but she scrambled up and went her way. No explorer has a more elated heart than a small child wandering off into the wilds of a garden. To her the lupins and larkspurs and sweet-pea were a forest. A mullein stood like a giant far above her. The bushes made a thicket in which she could lose herself. But first she must see the pond.

At last she found it and stood like the enchanted voyager on the unknown shore. It was the achievement of Paradise. She tottered a little as she came close to the rock margin of the tiny pool. The ball was close to her, but she had to stretch for it. She leaned over the water, she grabbed, then tumbled face downward in among the goldfish and the lily leaves.

The pond was eighteen inches deep, but that was enough to drown a tiny girl whose heels were in the air and whose head was under water. Gaily the glass ball floated out of reach as if it mocked the little blue figure in the water. But the terrified goldfish and newts dashed to the crannies among the stones and leaves.

Slyly old Moses drew near. He had seen the little blue figure go off down the path and some fond notion seized him that he would play Peep-Bo with her. The servant girls disliked him, they found him uncouth. But he longed to play with the child and this was his moment while the new nurse was out of sight. He crept round the syringa tree with 'Bo' on the tip of his tongue, and then he saw a little blue heap on the edge of the pond.

Celia could not cry at first. Her breath had gone. She held her mouth wide open, so that all her little pearly teeth gleamed in the light. Her face turned purple. She beat and kicked at the old man. She stiffened herself with fury. When at last her breath came she roared with a frenzy that brought Maggie flying over the grass and Mary running after her.

Celia could not tell them what it was. Fear had seized her. The lovely ball of her desire had escaped and some unknown evil had upset her into the water to choke and stifle. It was all the old man. He was Fear incarnate. Even when he let her go and she was in her mother's arms she shrieked and beat the air. Her roaring had a fierce defiance. It grated on the ear, it was infuriated.

Her whole world had been destroyed. She was cast out of Eden. Fear had conquered desire. Although she was only two years old she had passed some rubicon. She would be on the defensive now. She must be aware, she must fight and scratch and scream lest the old man with fanged teeth pulled her away from shining green balls. Her breath quieted at last to gasping sobs. In a little while she was asleep in her perambulator.

. . . . .

'I am convinced,' said the doctor, looking at his patient's face, 'that this nervous attack is due to some early fright. It may be pre-natal. It is just beyond your actual memory, but the complex is there, some fear that you allowed to conquer reason at the moment. You were thwarted in some desire and the inhibition has lain deep down in subconsciousness. Now you must cast it out, put fear away from you. You admit that you have unreasonable fears. You must exorcise them, my dear young lady.'

Celia put on her fur coat and pulled on her gloves. Then her eyes fell on a green glass ball on the doctor's window-sill.

'Oh! you have one of those balls,' she said, 'I do love them so. They fascinate me. But somehow I always long to fling them down and hear them crash and see the smithereens of glass.'

He laughed.

'You mustn't smash mine. I regard that ball as the symbol of a soul, clear, immortally green, buoyant and yet fragile. I'll try to get you another.'

'Please do,' said Celia, 'I'd love to have one.'

## TENNYSON PAPERS.

## III. 'IDYLLS OF THE KING.'

BY CHARLES TENNYSON.

THE following are some notes on early MSS. of the *Idylls of the King*. The MSS. are contained in a series of thin quarto note-books of blue unruled paper with marbled covers and red leather backs, which were bound for the poet by his wife, and in one large vellum-bound book, some fifteen inches by six inches in size, of the type described by Edward FitzGerald as 'Butcher's Books.' (See *Idylls of the King* in the Eversley Edition of Tennyson's Works, p. 468.)

The poet disapproved of the publication of *variorum* readings and other 'chips of the workshop' as he called them; but these MSS., I think, throw valuable light on his methods of composition in what is his most ambitious work, begun just before his fiftieth year, when his technical skill was at its zenith, and elaborated with such thoroughness and patience that the last poem of the series was not published till twenty-six years after the first. Moreover, the MSS. contain some fine lines and passages which Tennyson, for one reason or other, ultimately discarded, and I think these should be preserved.

It is inevitable from the nature of the subject that my notes should be somewhat fragmentary; but I have tried to avoid the inclusion of anything which could be regarded as 'chips.'

The *Idylls* are referred to in the order of their publication, not in that of their appearance in the collection as ultimately printed.

## GERAINT AND ENID.

The MS. of 'Enid,' which was the first title of the *Idyll* (afterwards divided into 'The Marriage of Geraint' and 'Geraint and Enid') has all the appearance of a first draft. It consists of a considerable number of separate passages (in all about 750 lines) covering the whole scope of the story and almost all very hastily written and scattered about the book without any proper sequence. Some passages are written crosswise, some lengthwise on the page;

some forward through the book, some backwards, and all mingled together in complete disorder.

There is another notebook, unbound, but of similar paper and size, which contains fragments of these Idylls. It appears to be contemporaneous with, and complementary to, the first book, and the contents of the two dovetail into one another more or less consistently. The second, also, is clearly a first draft. Its most interesting passage is a version of Enid's song, which contains some excellent lines.

#### ENID'S SONG.

Come in, the ford is roaring on the plain,  
The distant hills are pale across the rain;  
Come in, come in, for open is the gate.

Come in, poor man, and let the tempest blow.  
Let fortune frown and old possession go,  
But health is wealth in high or low estate;

Tho' fortune frown thou shalt not hear us rail,  
The frown of fortune never turn'd us pale,  
For man is man and master of his Fate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,  
With thy false wheel we go not up or down,  
Our hoard is little but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands,  
For man is man and master of his Fate.

The river ford will fall on yonder plain,  
The flying rainbow chase the flying rain,  
The sun at last will smile however late;

Come in, come in, whoever lingers there  
Nor scorn the ruin'd house and homely fare,  
The house is poor but open is the gate.

The interest of these two books is very fragmentary.

There are one or two good phrases used to indicate the passage of time (always a difficulty in narrative verse, unless the poet is prepared to adopt the Homeric device of frank repetition).

Here are two examples never actually used in the published *Idylls*. The first is for dawn:

But when the third day from the hunting moon  
Beneath the swelling bosom of the cloud  
Had cast her golden zone along the dark . . .

The second for evening :

But when the oak became  
Thrice shorter than his shadow.

Here is a poetic version of an idea of Malory's which Tennyson never printed :

Then spake King Arthur, inasmuch as I,  
When first we founded our fair Table Round  
With Merlin's aid and counsel thereunto,  
To be an image of the mighty world,  
Made oath before the Lord of Heaven and Earth  
That we would never set ourselves to meat  
Before the witnessing some noble deed  
Or hearing one told nobly . . .

In Malory it is merely stated that the King would never sit down to meat on the feast of Pentecost until he had witnessed some adventure. Tennyson, characteristically, ennobles Malory's idea.

The notebooks give many examples of the skilful improvements by which Tennyson was often able to make a good line or passage astonishingly better.

For example, the MS. has these lines :

Then Enid answered, harder to be moved  
Than hardest rulers in their day of power  
With ancient injuries unavenged, and said  
'In this poor gown etc.'

In the published version this becomes :

But Enid answered, harder to be moved  
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power  
With lifelong injuries burning unavenged  
And now their hour is come—and Enid said  
'In this poor gown . . .

But for the most part the passages included in this rough draft show only very minor differences from the final form. For instance, the following lines, amongst many others, which have very bold rhythmical and verbal devices, occur in the rough draft and also in the published poems.

As slopes a brook above a little stone  
Running too violently to break upon it

The hot hiss  
And bustling whistle of the squire who scoured  
His master's armour

His charger trampling many a prickly star  
Of sprouted thistle in the broken stones

The sound of many a heavily galloping hoof  
Broke on her ear, and turning round she saw  
Dust and the points of lances bicker in it :

At a sudden turning of the road,  
Tho' happily down on a bank of grass  
The prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

Evermore  
Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then  
Went slipping down horrible precipices  
And wildly striking out her limbs, awoke.

The famous nightingale passage also occurs here in MS. almost in its final form.

## GUINEVERE.

This Idyll was begun on July 9, 1857, when Tennyson brought his wife—'as a birthday present'—the first lines of the poem which he made and on which the whole was afterwards founded.

But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side ; see thee no more ;  
Farewell ! <sup>1</sup>

It was finished in January, 1858, though the final touches were not given till March 15 of that year.

What appears to be the first draft of the poem is contained in one of the marbled quarto notebooks, the first part of which contains fragments of the Idyll extending beyond the point at which these lines occur in the published poem.

Oddly enough, the lines are not included in this draft ; though they do occur in a revised draft of Arthur's speech and Guinevere's lament, which immediately follows. This is, I think, characteristic. Tennyson probably omitted the passage from the first draft because the lines were so firmly imprinted in his memory

<sup>1</sup> Lady Tennyson's diary—quoted memoir—p. 353.

that it was not necessary to include them in the draft which was really in the nature of an *aide-mémoire*.

The first draft consists of fragments beginning with what was apparently intended to be the commencement of the poem, a description of Guinevere's ride to Amesbury. In the published Idyll this description is preceded by an account of Lancelot's last visit to the Queen and his detection by Modred.

The notebook version begins with these fine lines, which Tennyson afterwards omitted—probably because he was not satisfied with the word 'flare.'

So fled the sad Queen through the moony night  
In which no moon appeared, but one vast flare  
Of all the heavens, moon-white from verge to verge.

This is followed by a number of fragments of varying length more or less in the sequence of the poem, but interspersed with a great many blank pages, left, no doubt, that the poet might fill in intervening passages if he wished to do so. Some of these fragments are carefully—but most of them roughly—written. Here and there are passages which find no place in the completed Idyll. For example, on one page occurs this isolated fragment:

Ah, noble heart,  
Ah, flower of kindliness and courtesy,  
To take the shame and horror to thyself  
When I betrayed thee. . . .

Later come these lines:

I could not worship him, that God in man,  
I dared not, as I dare not worship God  
. . . and yet am I forgiven—forgiven!

Both passages were no doubt intended for Guinevere's lament after Arthur has left her.

Mention may also be made of one interesting variation, which makes rather more clear the point of a passage in the final text.

Yet not less, Guinevere,  
For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
My love through flesh hath wrought into my life  
So that I must pronounce I love thee still.  
*This is the meed of my part maidenhood*  
To love thee still though false—so let it be.  
Let no man doubt the folly of the King  
Nor doubt that like a child he loves her still.

The line italicized makes clearer the point in the first part of the text, but Tennyson was probably dissatisfied with the rather obscure phrase 'part maidenhood.' The concluding lines were also omitted from the final version, the poet probably thinking them too bitter and self-depreciatory for the King's lips at this crisis.

A characteristic of this fragmentary first draft is the number of rough notes, often mere indications of the rhythm and wording of the final text, which are jotted down here and there, apparently just to fix an idea which had come into the poet's mind. This hardly occurs in other MSS. which contain, generally speaking, only completed passages whether in verse or prose.

This draft is immediately followed by a revised draft of the King's farewell speech and departure and Guinevere's lament and the rest of the book, which probably carried the poem to its conclusion, is torn out.

A revised draft of some of the earlier part of this idyll is found in the 'Butcher's Book.' This begins with the first speech of the little maid and continues to the end of her last long speech

Till he by miracle was approven King.

The draft is a fair copy, but varying in many unimportant points from the final text.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that here Tennyson uses Malory's name 'Dundagil' for the more melodious 'Tintagil' which he afterwards adopted.

Another interesting variant is in the description of the spirits of the hills. The draft has

With all their hair blown back like cyclamen

where the final text says :

With all their dewy hair blown back like flame.

#### THE HOLY GRAIL

Tennyson hesitated long before embarking on the Grail subject, as he feared that it could hardly be handled without incurring a charge of irreverence. When once he set about it, however, the poem came like a breath of inspiration and was finished in a few days.

The MS. clearly bears this out. What appears to be the first draft of the poem occurs in one of the marbled notebooks. This begins with a prose version, which follows almost exactly the course of the published poem. It is well written, and very little corrected, and runs, with one or two brief lapses into verse, right up to the point where Lancelot, after his madness, embarks in the little boat. His voyage to the enchanted castle and adventure there are then treated fully in verse, and the King's speech follows, the first part in prose and the end in verse. The prose sketch is immediately followed by a fairly complete draft of the whole poem in verse. This is written in a good hand straight through on the right-hand pages of the book, but not carefully enough to be a fair copy. Occasionally a passage is interpolated on the left-hand page. There is a break where Galahad is first mentioned by Percivale, a page being left blank and then fragments of verse written in very roughly. Another break occurs at Percivale's description of Arthur's great hall, a blank being left for seven lines which are to be found written in verse in the prose version and which Tennyson (doubtless to save himself the fatigue of copying) left to be filled in afterwards. The same thing occurs later, when the rebuke of the hermit, 'O son, thou hast not true humility,' and the twelve following lines, which had been interpolated in the prose version, are omitted.

The verse draft runs on continuously to the end of the poem, but with two important omissions; first, Ambrosius's interruption (bottom of p. 299 of the Eversley volume) and Percivale's Confession which follows it. This episode occurs in the prose version, where it is added on the left-hand pages, part of it being written roughly in verse. The other omitted episode is written in prose on the left-hand pages as an interpolation in the verse draft. This is the tale of Sir Bors. It is written rather roughly and gets no further than the point where Bors first encounters the pagan tribe. Then follow a few scattered lines of verse and prose:

By whom the blood beats and the blossom blows  
And the sea rolls . . .

And it would never be well for this Britain  
Till the Christ were put down and the sun-worship put up  
again.

Then some of the lines describing the vision of Sir Bors, very roughly scribbled and with a somewhat mysterious opening word :

Wicker work  
The seven cold stars of Arthur's wain

and in a moment all across  
The seven cold stars, in colour like a hand  
Before a burning taper, past the grail

and through the cleft  
I saw the torn sky and the flying rack.

The prose sketch is a particularly good one, written in a style which is at once vivid, rich and simple and quite unlike that of Malory, while the story moves swiftly and logically forward and the imaginative atmosphere is admirably maintained. The following extract, describing the end of Galahad's quest, will give a good idea of the whole, and a comparison with the corresponding passage in the completed Idyll shows how skilfully the poet elaborated into verse this first embodiment of his thought.

The passage runs as follows :

' . . . and he leapt into the boat and I was alone for I could not follow. And the boat went with an exceeding swiftness and thrice over him the Heavens opened and blazed with thunder like the shouting of all the sons of God. And when first they opened I beheld him far out on the great sea and over his head was the holy vessel clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud. And when they blazed I beheld him very far away and over him the holy vessel redder than any rose whereby I knew that the veil had been withdrawn from it : and when the Heavens opened and blazed the third time I saw him no bigger than the point over an i and far away behind him in a clear spot of sky I saw the gates of the spiritual city no larger than a pearl and over it a tiny blood red spark [?] and dwelt there and I knew it was the Holy Grail. Then the Heavens came down as tho' they would drown the world and I saw no more.'

The completed poem, of course, adds many beauties of detail to the prose draft, as for example, in the description of the Knights passing through the narrow streets of Camelot out upon their Quest (Eversley, 292) ; while the final version gains greatly by the addition at the beginning of the description of Percivale's

friendship with Ambrosius and their first conversation about the Grail.

Many of the fragments of verse inserted in the prose sketch are probably in the nature of key lines which formed the basis of the poem in Tennyson's mind, e.g. the lines, which are taken almost word for word from Malory :

I saw the fiery face as of a child  
Which smote itself into the bread and went.

And Galahad's cry :

' But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,  
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry  
" O Galahad and O Galahad follow me." '

An interesting point about these lines is that here only in all the Idylls is the King addressed as '*Sir* Arthur,' showing that Galahad, as the chosen Knight feels himself the King's equal and independent of earthly titles.

The verse draft contains very few lines that do not occur in the completed poem, though of course many lines were substantially altered.

King Arthur uses one telling line to describe the mirage which his Knights are pursuing in place of their plain duty of 'rightful strength redressing human wrong.' Instead of this, he says, they are following :

A sound, a luminous cloud, a holy nun.

Tennyson probably thought this too slighting a description of the Quest to put into the King's mouth and he afterwards omitted the line.

Lancelot, in describing his madness, speaks of his defeat at the hands of—

Mean knights, to whom the ventage of my sword  
And shadow of my spear had been enow  
To scare them from me once.

The curious, but effective word '*ventage*' disappears from the final text.

There are, of course, countless alterations which strikingly improve the text—one or two may perhaps be quoted.

A famous passage begins in this first draft—

There rose a hill that none but man could climb  
Scarred with ten thousand wintry water courses.

This is enormously improved by the substitution of 'a hundred' for 'ten thousand,' though it is hard to say why.

Again the line—

He saw some little of this wonder too  
is greatly improved by a simple transposition.

Some little of this wonder he too saw.

Another good example is the following from the first draft :

Beheld

A castle like a rock upon a rock,  
With chasm-like portals open to the sea.

One added line makes a world of difference here :

and looking up,

Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,  
A castle like a rock upon a rock  
With chasm-like portals open to the sea.

But, speaking generally, except for additions and minor alterations, the verse has already attained practically its final form. The structure of the verse paragraphs is the same as in the finished Idyll, and so are many of the most striking rhythms such as :

And high at top a city wall'd : the spires  
Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven.

and even as he spoke,

In silver armour Galahad suddenly shone  
Before us. . . .

#### THE COMING AND PASSING OF ARTHUR.

In one of the marbled notebooks, unfortunately much mutilated, are some of Tennyson's first thoughts for these two Idylls, which were published in 1869—the 'Passing' being made up of the 'Morte d'Arthur' from the volume of 1842, with lines added at the beginning and end. The fragments in this book are both in verse and prose.

The following passages show that the poet originally intended to deal fully in the 'Coming' with Arthur's battles against the heathen and the rebel kings and lords.

Ulfius and Brastias and Bedivere  
 Smote down the rebel lords and men-at-arms,  
 And Arthur smote not his own lords, but made  
 Still for the kings, and by main might smote down  
 The King Brandagoras of Latangor  
 And Anguisant of Ireland, Morganore  
 And Lot of Orkney. . . .

The poet must have been sorry to sacrifice this resounding battery of names and titles, and also the grim humour of the next passage :

From whereout  
 A stalwart savage, chieftain of the horde,  
 Strode mocking 'art thou come to eat me, lad ?'  
 said Arthur 'Thou hast eaten up the land'  
 'And thee too now, sir stripling, will I eat.'  
 'But thee the worms' said Arthur, and with might  
 Smote him and after deadly contest slew,  
 Then falling on the host, they fled : he drove  
 The heathen and he kill'd the beast and fell'd  
 The forest letting in the sun. . . .

The following verse sketch of a dialogue between Bedivere and Arthur is also worth quoting. It was of course intended for the beginning of the 'Passing.'

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and passed  
 Within the tent and spake 'My lord, the King,  
 I find a feeble whiteness as of dawn  
 In the far East . . .  
 Wilt thou not rise and follow to the west  
 And . . .

That all the sooner we may turn again  
 And see the sunrise light the golden wings  
 That Merlin gave thine image on the wall.'

Then spake King Arthur

'O think'st thou we shall ever turn again  
 To light and sunrise in the golden East ?  
 We follow night and sunset in the West  
 And those who love the King will die with me.'

And therewithal return'd on Bedivere  
 The burthen of a hymn himself had sung.  
 He clash'd his arms together and he said  
 . . . 'King art thou in East and West,  
 Strike for the King and die : let the King reign !'

The following is a prose sketch for Arthur's speech at the commencement of the 'Passing':

O me, but this fight is far other  
 than those wherein we drove the heathen  
 from the West or the Roman wall.  
 I fight against my people and the Knights  
 whom I have made, and that is to me  
 even as mine own death.  
 That sweet smile which Guinevere and Lancelot  
 smiled in the may woods was cruel as many  
 deaths.  
 They say that I am no king: they know not,  
 nor do I myself, whence I came.  
 Theirs is the blame who fostered me and  
 spoke softly to me and held me sacred and  
 drest me delicately nor ever let a foul  
 word be spoken before me and shewed me  
 the fields and hills and said 'this is thy  
 realm for ever.' They told me that I was  
 a King's son, but that I should not  
 see my father on earth and I believed them  
 and believe them still.

The last half of this interesting passage possibly reflects a mood of the poet himself in moments when he felt himself cut off from his kind, partly by his upbringing in the secluded and studious atmosphere of Somersby, partly by his sensitiveness and habit of introspection and that sense, which was always with him, of his poetic mission.

#### GARETH AND LYNETTE.

Tennyson said that this poem gave him more trouble than anything else he ever wrote except perhaps 'Aylmer's Field,' as he found the short snip-snap of conversation so difficult to deal with in narrative form.

The notebook in which the MS. is written begins with a prose sketch which takes the story to the point where Gareth leaves Camelot after Lynette upon the quest which the King has given him. This sketch is interesting as it embodies a subsidiary story which Tennyson afterwards discarded. This is contained in the opening paragraphs.

'Lot's wife Bellicent, the Queen of Orkney, sat in her castle  
 VOL. 153.—No. 917.

on the sea and she was lost in thought, for there had come to her a noise, that Queen Guinevere was false with Lancelot : and thereupon the Queen who had long been haunted by a passion for Sir Lamorac, had yielded herself to him and thus dishonoured her house. But now she said to herself " Lo if Guinevere have not sinned and this rumour is untrue, I shall be the first woman to have broken the fair order of the Table Round and made a knight forego his vows and so my name shall go down thro' the world for ever : but if Guinevere have sinned, then the sin will be hers and my shame covered by her shame."

Then when Bellicent's son Gareth asks her for leave to go to Arthur's Court and be made knight, she makes him, as the condition of her consent, take a vow, to seek into this scandal and bring her word whether it be true. " But think not " she says " to ask this of the knights for they hold together by their vows and are sworn to speak no slander and from them wilt thou learn nothing, but thou shalt mingle with the thralls of the house and with those that hand the dish across the bar, for these are they that know the things of a house and delight in the evils thereof and from them shalt thou learn and bring back the truth of this matter to me thy mother : for it were shame that another should be shamed by his own Queen not knowing, moreover this sin will pass thro' all the Table Round and ruin the King's purpose if it be not put an end to."

This episode is not found in Malory, who gives no explanation at all of Gareth's odd whim of being made a thrall in Arthur's kitchen. In the ' Morte d'Arthur,' indeed, Queen Bellicent is much incensed with Arthur when she discovers what has happened to her son. Tennyson afterwards abandoned the story of Bellicent's infidelity and made her lay this condition of thralldom on her son, merely because she thought that he would revolt from the condition and therefore would not leave her for Arthur's Court.

This prose sketch, like that for the ' Holy Grail,' is written in a good clear hand and without corrections. It contains the description of the approach of Gareth and his two men to the mystic city of Camelot, and the conversation with the old seer (here called Merlin) at the city gate, none of which occurs in Malory. It does not however contain the description (found in the finished Idyll) of the various supplicants and Mark's messenger coming to Arthur in the Hall, while Gareth is waiting to ask his boon.

After this prose fragment comes the first verse draft of the poem. This goes up to and includes the description of Gareth's

vassalage—not quite so far as the prose sketch: the verse is fairly continuous, but a good deal is interpolated on the left-hand pages and occasionally a fragment is written in prose. The dialogue with Mark's messenger evidently suggested to Tennyson the theme of the 'Last Tournament,' which was written immediately after Gareth and published in the same volume, for a prose outline of a projected beginning of this Idyll is interpolated in the Gareth story. This outline brings in the story of Bellicent and Lamorack already mentioned. The fragment, which is not reproduced in the published *Idylls*, runs as follows:

'Sir Dagonet, the King's fool, stood before the hall of Arthur and the wind was blowing and the leaves flying in the woods below.

'And below him riding three abreast there past into the wood Sir Gawain, Sir Modred and Sir Gaheris: and the face of Gawain was red as tho' with wine; and the face of Modred was white but he had bitten his thin lips and they were bloody: and so they past away.

'And about an hour after there rode into the wood Sir Lamorack and his head was down and his heart darkened for his old love Bellicent was dead.

'And the dwarf skipped upon the steps before the hall and out of the hall came Tristram and cried to him:

"O fool, why skippest thou?"

and the dwarf pointed to the wood and said:

"They are gone to keep the vows of the King"

and Tristram said: "Who are gone?" and he answered, "The sons of the Queen: for Lancelot has kept the vows of the King and thou also: for ye have all lain by Queens so that no King knoweth his own son."

Up to this point the MS. gives no evidence that the Gareth story was causing the poet any exceptional difficulty. The poem is followed through its natural sequence and the verse appears to have been written with reasonable ease, except that there is rather more interpolation on the left-hand page than, for example, occurs in the 'Grail' MS.

In the 'Butcher's Book,' in which the draft is continued, the condition is very different.

The Gareth fragments in this book are written rapidly in a rough hand without correction, and dotted about the book in the wildest confusion.

This irregularity of composition is probably due to the diffi-

culty which the poet experienced in dealing with this part of the story, which is largely conversational.

This meant that the flow of composition was frequently interrupted and Tennyson seems to have opened the book more or less at random and jotted down passages, generally of short length, as they occurred to him, without concerning himself as to the sequence of his text.

One would hardly think this a way to make a difficult task easier, but Tennyson had a remarkable power of retaining his verse in his memory and it is probable that when he came to write out the next draft, he did so with very little reference to what he had already written.

In so very rough and imperfect a text one would expect to find many variations from the final version, but little deserving quotation. There are however one or two points of interest. For instance the draft has these lines:

And the live green had kindled into flowers  
For it was nigh the feast of Pentecost.

For the second line the published version has:

For it was past the time of Easterday.

a more melodious line and conveying a much more genial suggestion.

Sometimes an alteration calls attention clearly to the aptness and effectiveness of an unusual word.

Thus the MS. in describing the carvings of the mystic gate at Camelot, refers to

The dragons tails and elvish emblemings.

The final version has

the dragon boughts and elvish emblemings

the word 'bought' being apparently remembered from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. 1, Canto XI, Ver. XI.

#### BALIN AND BALAN.

Tennyson evidently gave a great deal of thought to this Idyll and tried several arrangements of certain incidents of the story, which was mostly original, with only a small foundation in Malory. Hallam Tennyson quotes in full (Eversley Edn., pp. 425-32) a prose version, entitled 'The Dolorous Stroke' (a phrase of

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Malory's not used in the published Idyll) which the poet is said to have dictated to Sir James Knowles almost without a pause. From the existing MSS. of the Idyll, to which I shall presently refer in detail, it seems probable that this prose version was the crystallisation of a long preliminary study of the material. It is a remarkably finished and clean piece of writing, which the published poem follows fairly closely, though this omits the close of the prose sketch.

'Then when the damsel left them, came the Lady of the Lake and found Sir Balin and Sir Balan at their last breaths and caused them to be interred and sang above them an high song.'

It is characteristic of Tennyson's self-discipline that he jettisoned this fine passage, no doubt feeling that the introduction of the Lady of the Lake would divert interest from the main theme of the poem. He preferred to concentrate on the central theme and therefore closed with the beautiful farewell of Balan to his dying brother whom he has unwittingly slain

'Good-bye, true brother, here. Good-morrow there.'

The reference to the Lady of the Lake is not taken from Malory. Indeed, in his version of the story the Lady is beheaded by Balin very early in its development.

MS. fragments of this Idyll are contained in two of the marbled notebooks (quarto) and in the large 'Butcher's Book' already mentioned: they present all the appearance of a first draft, consisting as they do of disconnected verse passages, scattered about more or less inconsequently, and tentative prose sketches. They seem, therefore, to represent Tennyson's first thoughts about this Idyll and to have been written before the composition of the prose sketch dictated to Knowles.

The most interesting thing about these MSS. fragments is that in them one can see the poet making use of his last opportunity to weave some thread of continuous story through the episodic structure of the Idylls. The following list shows the dates of publication and final place in the series of each of these:

1859.	The Geraint Idylls . . . .	3 and 4
	Merlin and Vivien . . . .	6
	Lancelot and Elaine . . . .	7
	Guinevere . . . . .	11

These four stories are quite independent and have no connection with one another :

1869.	Coming of Arthur . . . . .	1
	Holy Grail . . . . .	8
	Pelleas and Ettare . . . . .	9
	Passing of Arthur . . . . .	12

These four are also independent, though the 'Passing' follows logically on 'Guinevere.'

1872.	Gareth and Lynette. . . . .	2
	The Last Tournament . . . . .	10
1885.	Balin and Balan . . . . .	5

'Balin and Balan,' though not published till thirteen years after 'Gareth and Lynette,' was written soon after it. These two Idylls and 'The Last Tournament' should therefore be considered together. In them Tennyson introduced, for the first time, the sinister figure of King Mark of Cornwall. He appears first in 'Gareth and Lynette' as a Vassal King who sends a messenger with a present to Arthur's Court, asking to be made a member of the Round Table. Arthur rejects the gift and sends back the messenger, cursing Mark as

'Craven, a man of plots  
craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings.'

The Gareth Idyll was ultimately placed second in the series and Mark's hostility and treachery are therefore very early emphasised. He next appears in 'Balin and Balan' (placed fifth of the series) where Vivien, coming upon Balin in the forest, is described as 'a damsel errant from the Hall of Mark.' She inflames Balin's fury with tales of the Queen's infidelity and thus, though unintentionally, leads to the fight and death of Balin and his brother Balan.

The next reference to Mark is at the beginning of the sixth Idyll, 'Merlin and Vivien,' where Mark and Vivien are shown in the former's palace at Tintagil, conspiring against Arthur, as a result of which Vivien goes to Camelot and by the use of a spell binds in an eternal trance the wizard Merlin, the chief of Arthur's Counsellors, thus striking a deadly blow at the King's rule.

The last appearance of Mark occurs in 'The Last Tournament,' published with 'Gareth and Lynette' in 1872 and placed tenth in the series immediately before 'Guinevere' and the 'Passing,'

which describe the final catastrophe. This Idyll shows Tristram, the second mightiest knight of Arthur's Court, going straight from victory at the 'Tournament of the dead Innocence' at Camelot, to make love to Mark's Queen, Iseult, at Tintagil, where he is treacherously slain by Mark.

In the 'Balin and Balan' MSS. can be seen the piecing together of the central part of this Mark sequence and its subsequent distribution amongst the 'Balin' and 'Merlin' Idylls.

In one of the marbled notebooks (which I will call 'A') occurs this interesting prose sketch:

'Pellam the King who held and lost with Lot, had his realm render'd tributary, and he had no child, but Sir Garlon, his heir, was his nephew, and Sir Garlon hated King Arthur because the King had refused to make him of his Round Table, knowing him, and many times in his anger he had sworn that, come what might come, he would pay the tribute no more. And it chanced on a time that he sat drinking red wine in Lyonesse with King Mark, for these were close friends: and they spoke of the great King, who hoped to bring the world right by swearing his knights to vows of perfect obedience and perfect purity: and either laugh'd and scorned at the phantasy of so many mighty knights being pure.

'And there was with him a damsel of that Court who bewitched men with her beauty, and she said "what wilt thou wager, Sir King, with me that I do not go to the Court of this (illegible) and bring back love tokens of these pure ones, yea even were it a curl from the golden beard of Arthur. Have we not heard that this Lancelot worships no unwedded damsel but the Queen herself, to shew forsooth, his utter selflessness, swears by her, and fights in her name? Here be snakes in the grass, which methinks I can stir till they sting."

"Go when thou wilt," said Mark the King, "and an thou canst make a mischief among them, there is nothing I will not give thee." Then spake Sir Garlon, "I ride on the morrow back to the castle of King Pellam on the way to Arthur. Ride thou with me." And she took with her a squire whom now she treated as a lover and now she mock'd as a child. And the boy was besotted with her. But King Pellam thrust her from the gates and there she dwelt among the woods awhile, waiting for Sir Garlon to go with her, and Garlon ever kept the Tribute from being paid.'

Here the fragment ends, but it was evidently followed by a description of Vivien's encounter with Balan in the forest and the

disastrous fight of the two brothers. The story is continued in another of the marbled notebooks ('B'), which seems once to have contained a complete draft of the poem, whether written before or after the prose sketch is uncertain, but clearly anterior to the Knowles prose version. The early part of the notebook is mostly torn out, but near the end comes the following passage, which describes Vivien's journey to Camelot after the death of the brothers, with Balin's shield and locks of both the brothers' hair, which she has cut off.

Stealthily sped she then to Arthur's hall,  
Took the dead hair, and the besotted boy  
And battered shield, and came before the Queen;  
Knelt lowly then, and bidden rise arose,  
And stood with folded hands and downward eyes  
Of glancing corner and all meekly said—

'My father died in battle for thy King,  
My mother on his body in open field  
Broke her true heart. An orphan maid am I,  
For what small share of beauty may be mine  
Pursued by Mark the King; yea—and by one  
Sir Tristram—of the Table—nay perchance  
I wrong him, being fearful, full of shame;  
The Cornish manners be so rough; but lo,  
I bring thee here a message from the dead.'  
And therewithal shewing Sir Balan's hair  
'Know ye not this? not so, belike; but this  
A most strange red, is easier known.' The Queen  
Took the dead hair and slightly shuddering ask'd  
'Sir Balin's? is he slain?' 'Yea, noble Queen,  
Likewise his brother, Balan: for they fought,  
Not knowing—some misprision of their shields—  
I know not what. I found them side by side  
And wounded to the death, unlac'd their helms,  
And gave them air and water, held their heads,  
Wept with them; and thy Balin joy'd my heart  
Calling thee stainless wife and perfect Queen  
Heaven's white earth-angel; then they bade me clip  
One tress from either head and bring it thee,  
Proof that my message is not feigned; and prayed  
King Arthur would despatch some holy man,  
As these had lain together in one womb,  
To give them burial in a single grave—  
Sent their last blessings to their King and thee,

And therewithal their dying word, that thou,  
For that good service I had done thy knights,  
Wouldst yield me shelter for mine innocency.  
To whom the Queen made answer 'we must hear  
Thy story further; thou shalt bide the while.  
'I know no more of thee than that thy tale  
Hath chill'd me to the heart. Ghastly mischance,  
Enough to make all childless motherhood  
Fain so to bide for ever. Where do they lie?'  
And Vivien's voice was broken answering her.  
'Dead in a nameless corner of the woods  
Each lock'd in either's arms. I know the place,  
But scarce can word it plain for thee to know.'  
'And therefore damsel shalt thou ride at once  
With Arthur's knights and guide them thro' the woods.  
Thy wish, and these dead men's, if such were theirs,  
Must bide mine answer till we meet again.'

After, when Vivien on returning came  
To Guinevere and spake 'I saw the twain  
Buried, and wept above their woodland grave.  
But grant me now my wish and theirs,' the Queen  
All glittering like may sunshine among leaves  
In green and gold, and plumed with green, replied  
'A moiety of thy tale is proven true;  
Yet must we test thee more; but even now  
We ride an-hawking with Sir Lancelot.  
He hath given me a fair falcon which he train'd  
We go to fly her. Bide thou here the while.'

But when she rode with Lancelot down the plain  
Their talk was all of training, terms of Art,  
Feeding, and diet, jesses, leash and lure.  
'She is too noble' he said 'to check at pies  
Nor will she rake: there is no baseness in her.'  
Here when the Queen demanded as by chance  
'Know ye this stranger woman?' 'Let her be'  
Said Lancelot, and unhooded casting from him  
The goodly falcon loose: she tower'd; her bells  
Tone under tone, shrilled; and they lifted up  
Their eager faces, wondering at the strength  
Boldness and royal knighthood of the bird  
Who pounced her quarry and slew it many a time.  
They rode; and half forgotten of the Queen  
Among her maidens broidering Vivien sat  
And whisper'd.

In the published poem this episode, including the conspiracy at Mark's palace, Vivien's encounter with the brothers in the wood and her sojourn at King Arthur's Court, is split up and distributed between two Idylls—'Balin and Balan' and 'Merlin and Vivien.' In the former Idyll, which comes first, Vivien is described as wandering in the forest 'a damsel errant from the Court of Mark,' with her page. She meets Balin and maddens him with scandal about Lancelot and the Queen. Her visit to Pellam's castle, rejection by him and dalliance with Garlon in the wood, are described afterwards by Balan to his dying brother.

The story of Vivien's offer to seduce the Knights of the Round Table, which comes at the beginning of the prose sketch (Notebook 'A'), is told in 'Merlin and Vivien,' which comes later in the series. It is followed by Vivien's journey to Arthur's Court, her interview with Guinevere, the hawking episode, and her intrigues with the Knights. The whole is now quite unconnected with 'Balin and Balan' and therefore differs considerably from the verse narrative quoted above (from 'B'). There is, however, in another notebook ('C') a first draft in verse of this part of the sequence, more or less in the form in which it was actually used in 'Merlin and Vivien.'

This Idyll was published twenty-six years before 'Balin and Balan' (which appeared in the *Demeter* volume of 1885 and is there called 'An Introduction to Merlin and Vivien') and thirteen years before that poem was written. This particular episode was therefore not included in the early published editions of 'Merlin and Vivien,' appearing for the first time in 1874.

It is curious to find Tennyson first constructing this continuous story and then breaking it up and distributing it about two separate Idylls. I think the reason for this was that he feared by the introduction of too definite a thread of narrative, to interfere with episodic form, which he had deliberately chosen as best suited to the subject and his own powers. In the published poem, therefore, the Mark story is introduced intermittently and almost incidentally, but this is managed so skilfully that the sequence of events is brought quite clearly before the reader. I think that critics are apt to overlook the effectiveness of the idyllic form which Tennyson deliberately chose and the skill with which he employed it.

Before leaving the 'Balin and Balan' MSS. I will mention a

few interesting passages omitted or varying from the published *Idylls*.

In the 'B' notebook these lines occur in the description of Guinevere's encounter with Lancelot in the Palace garden. The Queen is contrasting the roses and lilies which are blooming at her side (cf. Eversley, p. 168):

'Better,' she said, 'I love this garden rose  
Deep-hued and many-folded—See, thy hand  
Is kindled with the glowing dust of these.<sup>1</sup>  
Thy maiden emblems have a heart as warm  
As other maids who look as white as they.  
All white is rare in aught that lives: in snow  
We find it, but the firstlings of the snow—  
Fair maids of February as we say—  
Have in them, look'd to close, a spark of fire.'

Probably the poet shrank from traducing, even through the mouth of the guilty Queen, his favourite 'February fair-maids.' But I think the lines are worth preserving.

In the 'Butcher's Book' there is, very roughly jotted down, a curious simile for which the poet never seems to have found a suitable application and therefore never used. No doubt the lines represent an observation made on the High Down at Farringford.

Look, as a swallow circles about a man,  
Who rides or walks a down, because his feet  
Stir up winged things on which it lives its life. . . .

In the 'C' notebook occur two or three interesting passages. One describes Mark parting from Vivien after their conversation regarding Arthur and his Knights.

Loud laughed the graceless King  
And like some long stilt-walker of the fens,  
More wood than man, shambl'd away to bed.

Tennyson probably omitted this vivid reminiscence of Somersby days, as being rather too farcical for its proposed context. The idea remains in a line of Isolt's in 'The Last Tournament' (Eversley, p. 362):

For, ere I mated with my shambling king  
The twain had fallen out. . . .

<sup>1</sup> i.e. The lilies.

Here is another vivid line afterwards omitted as superfluous—it describes Vivien's appeal to Guinevere—

and on a festal day,  
While the great Queen was passing through the hall,  
Gave one sharp shriek, clasp't hands above her head  
Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen and wept. . . .

Finally, I will quote a variant of some lines which occur on p. 186, Eversley, where Vivien is watching the farewell of the Queen and Lancelot.

That glance of theirs, but for the street, had been  
A clinging kiss—how hand lingers in hand—  
Bruise not the little fingers, Courtesy!  
Let go at last! they ride away—to hawk  
For waterfowl—Royaller game is mine.  
For such a supersexual sexual bond  
As that grey cricket<sup>1</sup> chirped of at our hearth—  
The heat and force of life all out of him—  
Touch flax with fire—a glance will do—no more.  
Lies, lies! for which I hate the world—and him<sup>2</sup>  
That made me hate it, tho' he spake the truth—  
Him least perchance—fool! for he wrong'd me most.

In surveying the material illustrated in these pages, one is struck by the extraordinary variety in Tennyson's methods. In some Idylls he worked upon preliminary prose versions though this method was apparently not employed in the first four Idylls written.

Sometimes the prose version is more or less continuous and covers the whole or almost the whole of the poem, e.g. in the 'Holy Grail' and 'Balin and Balan.' Sometimes, as in 'Gareth and Lynette,' the 'Coming' and the 'Passing,' prose fragments are scattered amongst the fragments of verse.

Of course it may be that for these Idylls also complete prose drafts were prepared, but from the way in which prose and verse are mingled, this does not seem probable.

Sometimes, as in the 'Holy Grail,' he seems to have completed the whole structure of the story in his head before commencing to write and then to have written the poem down as a whole.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the old minstrel who had come to Mark's court with stories of the vows of Arthur's Knights and their purity.

<sup>2</sup> Referring to Mark who had made Vivien his mistress and taught her to hate and mistrust the ideals of the Time.

Sometimes his first fragmentary ideas are jotted down, either quite disconnectedly (the 'Enid' poems and 'Gareth and Lynette') or more or less in sequence ('Guinevere'). In one instance ('Guinevere') there are notes so rough as to be mere indications of the fleeting thought. But speaking generally the verse, even when only in fragments, has by the time the first rough note is written, already reached, more or less, its final structure and rhythm, even where these are most elaborate; the poet's subsequent efforts being devoted to what Goethe described to Eckermann as 'that mode of altering and improving where, by continued invention, the imperfect is heightened into the perfect.' Often, it seems from the discontinuity of the writing, that a poem was discontinuously perfected, the poet, with the whole story already in his mind, turning it over and over and composing it by fragments as and when the inspiration came to him and not following it continuously through its sequence. This method seems to have been adopted in some of the most successful pieces of narrative (e.g. the 'Enid' Idylls) and probably the poet was able to use the method successfully because he had already worked out the sequence of the story just as carefully as he did in the case of poems, such as the 'Holy Grail,' the first drafts of which were written in a complete logical sequence.

This wide variety of technique was probably made possible by Tennyson's extraordinary retentive memory. It mattered little to him whether the poem was on paper or in his mind only. If he wrote a story out continuously it was because he had completed it in his mind in that form. If he wrote it down in scattered and discontinuous fragments, it was because it came to him in that form and he knew that when he had completed it he would have no difficulty in writing it out consecutively, with very little reference to his notes.

## SHREW MARRIAGE.

BY PHYLLIS KELWAY.

IF you read the Apocrypha and study the journeys of the Macca-bees, your chief impression is probably one of unceasing battle. Shrewish history is similar to Jewish exile, but even warfare is apt to pall, and to dwell on this side of the shrew's character only, in an era when war stinks in our nostrils, would be unfair. As a lover the shrew is a failure. I have witnessed no signs of affection between couples; apparently courtship is considered out of date, for no engaged period precedes marriage. Perhaps the husband disdains all show of sentiment, considering it an impediment to the more serious task of existence, but children being necessary to the continuance of the race, the male shrew cannot shirk his duties. The relentless persistence of the male must terrify the pursued female, and when after a furious chase, he finally catches her, he bites her so viciously that the poor dear shrieks loudly. She probably enjoys this he-man business if she would but admit it, but when watching the rollicking affair at close quarters, it has seemed to me that her cries are more of fear than of joy. To distinguish the sounds of the two at such times is difficult, but I think that the pursuing male is practically silent, while the female screams her protest each time he grips her.

From careful observations, two litters a year would seem to be the usual domestic arrangement for the Pigmy, although three is possible. In the case of the Common Shrew, four litters in a season are not unlikely, and he probably has larger families than the Pigmy. Two to eight have been found in litters of both shrews, and ten is not unknown, but nests I have discovered from time to time have given an average of four, and I think both shrews have exceedingly small families on occasion; two is by no means uncommon. The nests of both shrews are alike and are built in the same kind of positions. They are constructed of any material that meets with the female shrew's approval, but moss, dry grass, strips of withered bark, and leaves, are most favoured. Tufts of coarse grass or rushes often hide the nests, but I have seen them

beneath upturned logs, in old tree-stumps, beneath pots, in holes, in the cracks of an unmortared stone wall, and similar places. Ditches are favourite sites for nurseries. The nest itself is only about the size of a cricket ball, so may easily be hidden in the most unlikely localities. The female shrew builds as excitedly as she hunts for food. She tears grasses frantically from surrounding tufts, dragging away portions much too large for her purpose, which finally she is forced to abandon in disgust. She bites into shreds a certain number of grasses, but she does not excel at this branch of house-building, and prefers to carry her bricks and mortar ready-made. Like all good housewives she is never satisfied with her household arrangements, and spends many hours in shifting wisps of grass to better positions before the babies arrive.

Shrews being of independent irascible natures you would not be surprised to know that the female disdains all offers of help in either her house selection or her house-building. Here the sad truth should come to light. I am sure that Father Shrew is never more than a figure-head; indeed, he hardly deserves that title, and certainly he never offers his wife any assistance. After the marriage the wife in some mysterious way gains the upper hand; she rounds on her husband instead of running from him, and in his turn he is afraid of her. I think it quite probable that if he lingers in the neighbourhood of the nest, he meets his fate one dark night when the owls are hooting overhead; and who can identify the murderer?

Within the loosely constructed nest the young are born, and during their nursery days their mother is strangely quiet. Like the gossiping jay of the woodland, who bawls her alarm in raucous tones to awaken all asleep, and yet becomes as silent as the softly floating owl himself, when she is busy with nursery cares, the shrew grows dumb with caution. Her attitude toward a trap entirely changes. Where once she would have been unable to resist the bait, she now turns her back and forgets that the temptation is before her. When she has no responsibilities she will sometimes enter her runways from above, thus exposing herself for a fleeting second through the screen of grasses to any sharp eye that may be watching. If young shrews are within the nest she always approaches them from below ground.

I am sure that many animals feel real affection for the young who are dependent on them. The kindly look upon the hedgehog's hairy face as she licks her offspring with her red tongue; the

anxious expression in the eyes of the dormouse as she carries her young from danger, and the pathetic dumb appeal in a doe rabbit's face when her babies are touched, all reveal some mother's love within the animal of which we have more definite examples among our own kind. The shrew, little but domineering, can hate with terrible intensity, but I doubt if she knows the meaning of love as a hedgehog, a dormouse or a doe rabbit know it. Cautious as any of them, she cares for her offspring with scrupulous attention to detail, but something is missing in her infant welfare, something is lacking in her shrewish caresses. *Does a shrew love? Does she remember for five minutes after her young are taken from her? No, I think she is blessed with that forgetfulness which would sometimes be such untold mercy to us humans. Where respect and admiration are felt, liking is easy, and I love the tiny shrew for her pluck, her fierce defiance of rules and regulations, her truant spirit, her indomitable character and the courage with which this littlest one faces an overwhelming world. Will she ever love me?* You need not reply to that question, for I know the answer already. Yet she has done me that greatest honour that any truly wild creature may bestow: under my care she has married and brought forth children.

All shrew marriages bear a terrible resemblance. Everyone is repelled by the thought of the marriage state being cut to plan, but in the case of shrews the similarity matters less, as the couple do not live together. To tell you of many shrew marriages would be endless repetition, so I will only speak of one, and that one was very different in some respects, although alike in others, because it took place in a square yard of soil. Four characters took part: Squib, Geyser, Fizz, and Squirt.

One May the four shrews were living their fierce lives in a large case of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wire and glass. Squib and Geyser were Yorkshire shrews caught in our garden; Fizz and Squirt came from the New Forest where I had trapped them in box traps. All four were Pigmies, the smallest mammals in Great Britain, but surely the most energetic. Geyser and Squib had been living for some months in lonely bachelordom when the two Southerners joined them in their apartment. The quarrels and heated arguments ending in vulgar brawls, were numerous. Alone, the pair had lived a comparatively quiet life, at least, for shrews, but the new-comers set their abode by the ears, turning it into a bedlam of disagreements and recriminations. At first, I was sorry for

the couple. Invited guests are a pleasure, but we all know how tiresome uninvited visitors may be, especially in a house where everyone must necessarily be flung together, and whence there is no escape from the unceasing jabber of tactless, thick-skinned people with whom we have no fellow feeling.

At this time Geyser was referred to as a male, but I had no authentic reason for thinking him either a bachelor or a spinster. He was a very black shrew; the only parts of him of lighter shade were his undersides which included chest, throat, and the inner portions of his legs. His back shone with the 'bloom' of a ripe damson, bluish-black and glossy with a slight underlay of deep brown-black that gave the whole a variety of tone in different lights. Squib was like Geyser on her back, but she could easily be distinguished by a well-marked band of cinnamon-brown about a quarter of an inch wide, which ran down her sides. As I write Squib still lives, and she must be an old shrew now according to the span of life given by naturalists; she has still retained this dark coat in autumn although I caught her in spring. Fizz was the only one of the four whose sex was known, for I had pounced on him in the New Forest in the hour of his marriage. I dared not risk handling the two others for fear they might swoon away from fright.

From the volley of conversation, life seemed to be exciting if not comfortable with the four. Each built a nest in a separate corner of his compartment, and three respected the privacy of the others to a shrewish extent, but one—Geyser, trod his ruthless way without consideration for any.

From my notebook I see that Squib was caught on April 9, and Geyser on April 12. They lived together until June 3 when the pair from the New Forest, Fizz and Squirt, were introduced to them without the least sign of politeness on either side. Most travellers consider themselves a notch above stay-at-homes, and probably the Yorkshire couple, with true North Country independence, was disinclined to meet the Southerners half-way. In any case, battles raged from now onward, Geyser being the chief firebrand. By day and by night the mouse-room resounded to the scurrilous abuse of four hating fiends whose only idea in life was the satisfaction of self. Citizenship is unknown to any shrew, for a good citizen must necessarily respect the schemes of his fellows even if he does not adopt them.

I made the shrew house as much like a shrew village as possible,

VOL. 153.—No. 917.

planting great tufts of grass at the back with a leafy lawn, pretending to be a woodland floor, in front. To the right were two seed boxes which had great importance in the future history of Squib. In one I had planted a grassy tuft to trail over one side. Before it, was a carpet of wild violets and the flat, closely shaven moss which grows in damp places between waterside primulas. The other box was a fine forest of ferns, with a coconut holding up its domed roof from their midst. The boxes stood about 3 inches above the leafy floor, thus forming a green plateau luxuriantly planted with undergrowth to hide any shrew who entered. A half-coconut rested tent-like among the leaves below but the inverted coconut above on the plateau was practically whole, only its tip having been sawn off.

Geyser quickly monopolised the violet dell, and built a nest in the middle of the tuft of grass. For a shrew he was strangely silent about his building operations, but Squirt and Squib, who worked at the back of the house among larger tufts, were extremely noisy, tearing away dry grass with fanatical frenzy. Fizz gathered material for the low-roofed wigwam standing isolated from the cover around, on a flat surface of which the chief feature was a number of withered leaves. As he hurried to and fro he frequently bumped into Squirt and Squib who chased him away to his own property with spitting curses. Fizz was never very brave, but on the other hand he was not apologetic after he had annoyed his neighbours, although he fled at once when attacked. I was able to watch him with close scrutiny, his wigwam being in the forefront and standing alone. He would sleep for about an hour (sometimes two), and then awaken, stretch himself, yawn widely three or four times, but never more than four, and then cautiously poke forth his mobile nose. Only a foot and a half separated him from a fresh lump of meat that dangled from a string tied to the roof overhead, but the distance might have been a hundred miles under fire according to the fuss he made. First, he would dash half-way at high speed, then retreat with an attack of nerves to his coconut tent. After many reconnoitres and false starts, he would fight the meat in a frenzy, tugging it hard until it was pulled up short by the string. It was necessary to attach the meat in this way or it would have been carried off into hiding with two results: one, that I should not know when more food was required, and two, that an unpleasant, unhealthy and unnecessary odour would eventually rise from the remains.

One day Fizz fell sick. His illness was of a common kind and I gave him a small vessel of medicinal paraffin which he was sensible enough to drink. He was extremely annoyed by his sickness. Trailing his poor wee hind legs behind him he tore round the leafy floor, nosing below the sods and turning over the leaves. Occasionally he would scramble into the nest of Squib or Squirt, when a violent squabble would ensue, at the end of which poor Fizz would fall backward from the tuft with loud cries of anger and slandering abuse. He never attempted to disturb Geyser; perhaps some instinct told him that to do so would be fatal. I was reluctant to put Fizz out of his misery, for I did not believe that he was miserable. He ate eagerly, he drank frequently but not more often than usual, and he took an extraordinary interest in all about him. Animals seem to despise a sick friend; often they kill him, but the three strong Pigmies did not set upon Fizz unless he disturbed them. Nevertheless, he died one night without aid from the others, for I found him curled about with his long snout tucked between his forepaws. I have kept dozens of shrews, Pigmy and Common, and Fizz was the only one to die thus; the two other deaths were murders, so I cannot draw any conclusions from his demise.

Apart from frequent syphonic yells from all parties, matters were quiet for a few weeks. Geyser was still apparently the tyrant of the household. He chased Squirt mercilessly, but I seemed to detect a somewhat different attitude in his fury toward Squib. I do not mean that he was kinder to her. Squib's bare pink tail bore witness to the fact that he had been terribly in earnest, but I imagined an intangible something in his pursuits to make me wonder, after what I had seen in the wild, if 'things' might happen. Still, I never gave this aspect much serious thought, being of the view that such a private family affair would not occur in a human contraption, however roomy and natural.

On the day of June 19, Geyser allowed Squirt and Squib no peace. He chased them hither and thither, and followed them into their nests. At 10 p.m. he seemed as a giant refreshed from sleep; the day had not tired him; he was filled with resourcefulness to aid his energy. His fury was chiefly directed at Squib, but he was not amiss to biting Squirt as a side line if he chanced to collide with him. His tail high in the air he pranced the house like a wild demon, tearing at red meat one moment, but leaving it at once to hunt down one of his fellow shrews. I watched his

violence until midnight, and during those two hours witnessed three brawls with Squib, and each time Squib appeared to get the worst of it. Squirt hid fearfully behind the tufts of grass and ferns. Sometimes he poked his head out or attempted to find a meal, but the spitting screams of the other two terrified him out of his wits, and he darted back to cover dismayed by the outburst. I became so angry with Geyser that I determined to turn him into the garden in the morning where those he hunted would have a larger area in which to escape. Angrily and thoroughly disgusted with shrewish behaviour, I went to bed, little dreaming of what I should find on the morrow.

In the morning the shrew house was strangely quiet, uncannily quiet, but I was not surprised; Geyser must need a long rest after his violent action of the previous day and night. Yet I did not know that Squib was a lady; it was all surmise. Supposing that Squib were a gentleman—a rival—and that a duel had been fought and to the death? If so, the corpse must be discovered at once before worse things came to pass. Carefully I parted the wild violets, now casting their seeds upon the moss below. Then I pulled aside the giant tufts of grass, and afterward I sought between the ferns. Under the fronds were many holes, and beneath the brambles and grass of one corner was a network of burrows dug by the shrews since May. No corpse was to be seen. At last I investigated the violet dell once more, until the dried seed pods cracked at me and flung more seeds upon the mossy carpet, holding up their empty pods with wide-faced, pretty gesture. Poking a finger under the heart-shaped leaves, I felt a damp lump, and pulling it forth found it to be a shrew. Squib? but no, it was not Squib, for Squib had that distinctive cinnamon band to complete the beauty of her plum-black back. Amazed, I saw that the bedraggled body was Geyser—Geyser the warrior, the tyrant, the pursuer and never the pursued. On his left shoulder was a raw wound, red, ugly. So Geyser had met his death; someone had been as strong as he and more violent. Near at hand, also under cover of the wild violet leaves, was a second dead shrew. Vaguely I wondered if they had eaten poison, but on examining the body I saw another sign of murder, another torn shoulder. Neither of the wounds was large. In fact, they were invisible until I peered closely upon the damp fur, but they were there, small but mortal wounds to tell the secret of awful deeds when all was wrapped in darkness.

For the first time I was able to handle Squirt and Geyser quietly, and although I wish it had been different, I can now give you their measurements. It is impossible to measure a live shrew. Quite apart from bites—always part of the game—the tiny quivering bodies are never still, or, if they are without movement you may be sure they are dead. To hold a shrew in the hand for a few minutes is to kill it.

<i>Squirt</i> :	i. Total length (tip of snout to base of tail)	60 mm.
	ii. Tail, base to tip, excluding hairs . . .	30 mm.
	iii. Sole of foot, excluding nails . . .	10 mm.
<i>Geyser</i> :	i. Total length (tip of snout to base of tail)	62 mm.
	ii. Tail, base to tip, excluding hairs . . .	30 mm.
	iii. Sole of foot, excluding nails . . .	10 mm.

After the unseemly din of the previous day, the silence was disturbing; the place was not one of tranquillity but of suppressed tumult; Germany had again walked out of the League of Nations. When I caught a glimpse of Squib skulking through the violets, she had a hang-dog air which suited her well in the unfortunate circumstances. I was convinced she was the murderer, that she had dragged the bodies away from her bedroom and hidden them where no one was likely to discover the deed. Of course, she did not think of this, but even a shrew can dislike a corpse at her bedroom door. According to our standards Squib was a sinner; she deserved to be punished, but when I made up my mind to force upon her a hermit's life in future, I had a vague feeling that perhaps I was following her wishes to the letter.

Days passed and Squib remained in strict seclusion. Occasionally I wondered if she too had followed the greater number, but the worms I placed in her food vessel disappeared, and I suspected that she crept out secretly to feed. Many times I was tempted to investigate in the square yard of soil and undergrowth where hiding-places were innumerable. For a fortnight I left the disgraceful creature to her own wicked thoughts, doing no more than hang a lump of meat to a hook every other day, with occasional worms for a change. One night I saw her, trim and slinky, and with a face as crafty as a wagon-load of monkeys. Her extreme caution in approaching the food was ludicrous. She seemed afraid to take her whole body with her, and crept stealthily forward, her fore-paws creeping, creeping, her hind legs reluctantly bringing up the rear. Oh, Squib, most wicked of shrews!

If I had not been busy during the next week I might have

turned her into the garden, and when on July 15, a Sunday, and St. Swithun's Day into the bargain, I caught her to take her photograph, I nearly let her go on the lawn. For many weeks I had taken numerous photographs of the shrews, all of which proved failures when developed. Even Douglas English, whose pictures of the smaller British wild animals are so fine, acknowledged that he spoilt dozens of plates before he obtained a few clear photographs of live shrews. As yet, I have no plate camera but use roll films; naturalists' cameras with lenses of 8-inch focus seem to be prohibitive for a slender purse. However, any camera is better than none, and if the failures are many it is some satisfaction to know that they have cost less than plates.

When I had focused on one point Squib would be just an inch out of range, and the resulting photo would be a blur. In any case, a shrew is a shapeless object except in certain positions, and often, even when quite 'sharp' in the picture, can look like a mere lump of earth.

In the small glass house I had prepared for the 'sitting,' Squib refused to eat. She was quite right, for taking animals under such artificial conditions is not really fair, and after three-quarters of an hour of fruitless and irritating attempts, I took her back to her violet dell, brambles and fern dingle. She vanished at once, but having already caused enough disorder to keep her occupied for a week, I went one further. Picking up the coconut I inserted a finger. The round dome was packed full of nesting material, with three tiny holes leading through the intertwined grasses at the base of the coconut. It felt very snug inside, but I had to poke up my longest finger to get very far, and suddenly, I touched something soft, warm, wriggly. The high-pitched plaintive squeaks that followed, left me with a conflicting tumult of feelings. Oh, fool, to be so rash, so impatient. Rapidly I worked it out. The gestation period of a house mouse is about nineteen days, therefore if these shrew babies . . . that exuberant mating on June 19 . . . murder of two husbands . . . born on July 7? . . . about nine days old. From noticing the young voles and house mice at that age I knew that their fur would be well grown, but they would still need the attention of their mother.

Sadly I left the scene, after replacing coconut and ferns as carefully as possible. Two days later I saw the photographs of Squib—all failures. Served me right.

During the days that followed, Squib was still secretive, but

one night I imagined I saw movement in the coconut, which meant that she had returned to the nursery. At the top end of those three small round windows found on all coconuts, two were blocked with fibre, but one was open. Through this I could see the grasses of the nest if I shut one eye and screwed up the other. Night after night, after my bath, I watched for signs of life within. On July 20 I distinctly saw a blade move, and then a snout appeared and carefully but deliberately pulled a leaf across the window. Thus would we draw the curtains against people in the street who peer into the privacy of our firelit drawing-rooms. Rebuffed, ticked off—by a shrew. From that minute I was shut out, for Squib must have entered her home from below; I never saw her from above. Now and again, a fern frond would quiver, a bramble leaf would flicker near the ground, but Squib herself wore an invisible cloak.

In the Free Library, I searched every book on natural history for instructions to deal with baby shrews. Plenty was written of white mice, pie-bald mice, and all the rest of them, including rats, but of course no shrew ever came under the category of 'pet,' and quite rightly so. A shrew is far too much trouble ever to make a pet. The future of those babies was on the lap of the gods. If Squib felt unduly hungry or if she needed a change in diet, she would eat the mites, a pastime in which even tame mice indulge. Perhaps, shrew memory being so fleeting, she had forgotten in that unfortunate three-quarters of an hour that they were her babies, and so had dealt with them as with Squirt and Geyser.

But Geyser—yes, even now I say it—Geyser was an honourable shrew.

Honourable shrew and honest father. On July 23, after dinner, the neighbourhood of the coconut was alive with movement. Right down into the earth to one side I could watch the tunnels for a distance of several inches. After that they led away under the soil, but when looking down from overhead, I could watch three passages at the same moment. Surely more than one shrew was passing to and fro? Sometimes a snout poked out from below the coconut; surely it was a cleaner, younger, more furry snout than that of Squib? For over an hour I could distinguish nothing to settle the question, then as I still gazed at the tunnels about the coconut, I saw out of the corner of my eye a movement away to my right in the violet dell. The scurry of a dark form below

in the ferns followed by a pink tail told that Squib was still busy with household affairs, and when I slowly turned to look at the violets I could scarcely believe my eyes. Another shrew, in a seal-coloured jacket, was eating a piece of cheese. And then, right out on the leafy carpet where the food was always placed, I beheld a brown-grey form that appeared larger than Squib, plumper and less sleek. For long I tried to distinguish them. When I saw one, Squib was out of sight, but the nursery had been broken up at last, and the children turned loose to hunt for themselves. After that night I had many opportunities for watching the adolescent days of young shrews.

A point that struck me as particularly interesting was the affection shown by Squib the Mother, as utterly opposed to Squib the Wife. Perhaps this devotion came less from love than from the sagacity displayed by all wild animals for the continuance of the race. Squib carried titbits in her mouth so small that I could not tell the form they took. Squib Junior pushed his snout sideways, receiving the morsel neatly, and then retired to a corner to chew it between his hard-working teeth. To see a son of Squib, as large as herself, still dependent upon her, was a strange sight, and removed any antagonism I may have felt toward the vicious spitfire. Often now, when I watch Squib tearing a worm to pieces or fighting a lump of meat, I wonder at the unusual trait in her character that allowed her to return to her babies after three-quarters of an hour. Tame rabbits have rebelled when taken from their young for less time, and have demolished the work of weeks within a few minutes. I should never have believed it possible that Squib would not eat or desert them after the gruelling she had been through. Quite common birds will abandon their fledglings on less provocation. Nevertheless, I would not trust Squib to behave herself so well again. Perhaps, after murdering two husbands, she considered the murder of her children into the bargain a little too sanguinary; or perhaps she disliked the idea of loneliness. If the truth be known, I expect she forgot completely her enforced sitting to the photographer, when she smelt the familiar homely odour of shrew babies on her return to the coconut.

# MAKE A GAME OF IT.

BY HUGH DE SELINCOURT.

In these swift afternoon encounters each game you play may be a little work of art, complete in itself, and like no other game noteworthy; and also there may be games which, apart from the weather, a wash-out by rain, are simply not games at all. There's nothing to catch on to, nothing to be drawn into: you wonder how a sane man could be seduced into taking any part in a performance so lamentably forlorn and futile. So the phrase *make a game of it* is fraught with much meaning. 'Ah! I hope we make a game of it.' 'Yes: that's the thing: sure. Win or lose, who minds? So long as we make a game of it.' Seldom a Saturday passes without those words being used in those taut moments before a match when the team so casually assembles, loafing up, their careful non-chalance the measure of their suppressed excitement.

It was a hot afternoon in June, a real hot summer afternoon in June, with a shimmer of heat haze on the not too distant hills, when Tillingfold played The Vagrants, a touring side from London. A perfect day for cricket. And when Gauvinier reached the ground soon after two, he found most of the visiting team, who had been taking lunch at the 'Black Rabbit' in the village, about on the ground, having a gentle knock: very gentle; bowlers soon sat down laughing, to be joined by the man with the bat, who, prodding them with gibes and his bat in vain, himself subsided soon on the good green turf to chew grass and to wait—a pleasant summery sight.

Old Sam Bird in his shirt-sleeves made his careful way through the gate from the road, in good time for the solemn rite of knocking in the wickets on the pitch chosen and marked out on the previous evening. He was all one large inner beam of immense satisfaction at the prospect of the game.

'It'll be middlin' hot out there, I take it.'

'Scorching. Can't be too hot for me.'

'They look a very likely lot. But I've heard nothing whatsoever about whom they're playing and how they've done. Nothing. It's early for a side to be touring. Things have all changed though

since I played. Why, there ain't no such thing as distance now, as you might say.' And his voice sank to a conspiratorial depth to enquire: 'And who is this new man Carswell as we've got playin' for us? Not the V. T. Carswell as played in the 'Varsity Match a year or so ago: Took fifty odd against Oxford, if I'm not mistaken.'

Sam Bird follows cricket with avid interest. He knows the county teams for the past forty years and more: his memory remains young and retentive for fresh names. He turns the pages of Wisden with a damped thumb and reads with the reverent care with which Thoreau's old lady used to read the Bible, page by page, a chapter every morning, and when the last page is reached begins once more with the first.

'Yes. That's him. He is staying with the Flints. Dead keen to turn out for us. Stiffen up the batting a bit. We're a real good side. It ought to be a marvellous game.'

Which offered, of course, too good a chance for old Sam to miss.

'I have often observed, Captain, that the best sides on paper often put up the poorest show. What I believe they call in the papers, the glorious uncertainty of cricket. There was a side called The Vagrants as I remember in the 'nineties, but that was some years ago . . .'

'Half a minute, Sam.' Gauvinier hurried off to join a group of the visitors moving towards the pavilion: a genial crew revelling in their luck with the weather. Two days' country-house cricket at a place some forty miles away he'd barely heard of, that filled Monday and Tuesday; you could always get games on a Wednesday and Thursday, according to early closing; Friday blank for bathing, and finish up on Saturday, having made a week of it. Hoped they were infringing no copyright with the name. Yes: they drew on various clubs in London and roundabout. Four or five could manage the whole week. 'Thanks to old Jack Martin here, we've never been a man short. Oh, to-day, yes. Quite a decent little side.'

'Ah, forgive me: just a moment. There's a man—yes, *the* Carswell—staying here. No, he doesn't turn out regularly . . .'

Gauvinier strode off towards the oncoming General Durslake, who was escorting with understandable pride (though his usual manner, you might have thought, precluded the possibility of *more*) the redoubtable Carswell on to the field, whom Gauvinier took to at once—small, mild, retiring and very neat—his head

indeed became almost hang-dog in horror at the General's full-throated pronouncements as to the good fortune of the village in having a player of such calibre in their midst, 'which you, I am sure, Mr. Gauvinier, will be the first to bear me out in——' Gauvinier smiled and hummed and coughed and ha-ed at what he hoped to be suitable moments, and as soon as possible :

'Care to come into the pavilion?'

'Thanks. See you later then, sir.'

And a little later a low murmur reached Gauvinier's ear. 'A dear old boy, but oh my God, he does give tongue.'

A remark which was lapped appreciatively up but left unanswered, as Carswell was introduced to various members of the team, much awed at the proximity of so distinguished a performer, until the irrepressible Freddie Winthrop was heard to mutter: 'Sorry to let you down, skipper, but I've just had wires from Hobbs and Larwood and Jardine to say they can't get out of the games they're booked for.' And the general laugh broke the ice.

'Jolly decent to find me a place. Always wanted to turn out for Tillingfold. Beaten Raveley this year?' He looked up from lacing his cricket boots to enquire, and Gauvinier left him, obviously liked. Left him to find the opposing skipper and toss.

He found the skipper and won the toss and elected, with a laugh, to bat.

Old John McLeod, the best secretary that any club could have (alas! he no longer played: that sudden stoop was too much for his jovial rotundity; his wife, too, may have . . . but we won't go behind his old back with horrid surmise)—old John McLeod came bustling up with beaming, rosy face, panting and laughing: 'Well, fancy you winning the toss now. But it doesn't do to be too pleased about that: the toss isn't the game. Oh no. Not a bit of it. Still, you've a fairish sort of a middlin' decent side—on paper—though no beautiful nice steady opening batsman to break the bowlers' hearts for them and leave dreadful wild sloggers like you to make hay and enjoy themselves swiping and slashing. But what an afternoon. What a beautiful, lovely afternoon, to be sure. Summer. Summer. Summer.'

He trotted off, and Gauvinier wished like hell that he were still able to turn out. He knew well enough how the old fellow hated the bodily disability which kept him from playing, and how his indomitable old spirit triumphed, so that his presence on the field, watching, added to the game's enjoyment.

'Ah well! I've had my innings, boy; and it's an all-fired miserable sad thing not to be playing any more: but devil take it, don't pull such a long face, boy. I'll enjoy watching more than most of you'll enjoy playing . . . such an earnest lot of grousin' rascals as never was. Who'd blame 'em with such a skipper? Not me.'

Dash it! Well, anyhow, he was still lively and about, the Lord be praised.

'I've won the toss all right,' Gauvinier called in to the pavilion. 'Will you get your pads on, Carswell, and take first knock. Ballard, there, will be with you. Number three, Alec?'

'Eleven? Skipper?' asked Freddie.

'Ass! No, seven. And I'm six, and we'll just have a nice little stand together.'

'Not if you get taking a dip at the first ball.'

'I'll bring the list back. Yes, four as usual, Walter: five, Jim. And Bill, you don't mind going in last, do you? Just time for a few sixes into the road, you know. A bit low down, William.' He took a boy aside to speak to, the son of a builder; very nervous, but a good bat, who had not done himself any justice yet on the side. 'You'll be ten, I'm afraid, to-day; but we've rather a strong side out. Change your luck, very likely. We shall want all we can get, you know.'

'Dad says he reckons it the best side that's ever turned out for the village.'

'I don't know about that; but he's not far wrong. Tea five and draw seven. Is that all right? Yes. Rather, we've got one. Sam! Umpire's coat wanted. If you've not burst 'em both. All right, Francis. I'm coming. Tea five then, draw seven. Number ten, then, laddie, this time . . . Sorry, didn't I tell you, Mr. Morley? Eight.'

He strode off to the score-box, waving the list at a frowning Francis, passing Sam, who was explaining the boundaries to the umpire while he assisted him into the borrowed white coat, which had been taken from a locker and tossed out of the pavilion. 'Fower to the hedge. Six over. Them flags over there—' Sam pointed sadly to the pernicious outfield. 'Tain't right or proper, strictly speaking, but we has to judge 'em best we can. And now perhaps, if it's all the same to you, we might be makin' our way . . .'

The two umpires in their white coats, fingering beans in pockets, walked slowly out on to the field: the great moment of beginning

which made small boys on the instant and for the instant, still and staring, in a sort of awe as at something dimly sensed as inevitable like fate. 2.35. And not only small boys felt a tough clutch on their inside, winding their nerves tight with anxiety as to what the next minutes had in store.

The visiting captain was setting his field. The red new ball was being thrown about. The stumper came on last, pushing on his gloves. Yes, a likely lot, as Sam Bird had wisely said. They certainly looked it.

A sad voice was heard in the pavilion. 'Well, anyway, I hope we make a game of it.' And a sharp expostulation: 'Good Lord! Some fellers. Gloomy. Well, talk about a funeral.'

A tense stillness followed the round of clapping that sent off Tillingfold's first batsmen to the wicket. Ballard, tall, dark, beautifully made; a real class bat, he'd been making a lot of runs. Ballard was taking first ball, facing the road, to a tall left arm bowler with a lovely loose action. Two slips. Third man—deep extra cover—square leg very close, mid-on nearish, well in front of the bowler's wicket: a silly point a bit behind . . . likely to bump them apparently. Play.

One watches the first ball with a queer intensity. He had been 'putting a few down' very much the same as he now bowled: very little faster. Ballard played it full in the centre of his bat, a nice shot towards cover, jumped forward crying 'Wait!' Carswell, mishearing, started to run. 'No, wait,' came the shout. Carswell half hesitated—and Ballard calling, 'Oh, come on then,' ran, as Carswell stopped and turned. Ballard slipped trying to get back and was easily run out. Just a foul misunderstanding. Promptly taken, there would have been a comfortable run. Neither would have been run out, as is often the painful case, if either had done almost anything but what he did do. And Carswell was clearly most forlornly upset, not liking a little bit on his first appearance for a side to have run out the side's most useful bat. Yet the justest judge would have found it difficult to apportion the blame for the horrid accident fairly. A nerve-shattering piece of bad luck for the village, not soothed very much by old John McLeod, who declared: 'What a miserable, wretched, disgusting thing to happen with the first ball. Still, mistakes will happen.' And he remembered with excruciating vividness the awful moment when he, such a good judge of a run too, had run out the great Waite—in that never-to-be-forgotten match against Raveley when he had carried

his bat through the innings. 'They'll be shook up,' he moaned to Gauvinier. 'Make bad worse, they'll be that shook up.'

But Alec John put his first ball confidently to leg, gave a confident call, took a confident run—and old John was comforted and murmured contentedly, 'Ah, that's better, that's better!'

And Carswell took centre and faced the bowling.

Then happened what is probably a small record in the sad annals of cricket misfortune: for Carswell drove a half-volley so hard back that the bowler jumped to one side to avoid it, and did not jump clear, for the ball struck the sole of his boot, was diverted yards on to the wicket, and Alec John, backing up, was run out. 1—2—1.

The game had been in progress for five minutes, five doleful minutes for Tillingfold. There was just nothing whatever to be said about it. Carswell must have wished he'd seen a black cat or something before his innings. Had he walked under a ladder? Anyhow, it's no good being superstitious, of course; he had to continue his innings, and the first over was not finished yet. No doubt he tried to pull himself together, but it was too much for him. Who could blame him? He played forward, correctly enough, at the next ball, but no one was really surprised that he played an inch or so inside it and flicked up an easy catch to short slip. There is that against which the strongest spirit cannot stand. 1—3—1, on a perfect wicket, on a perfect day. The stars in their courses were fighting against Tillingfold, and that, too, not in the black hours of the night, but in brilliant full daytime sunshine. Such catastrophe has an odd effect on some: they are forced, as it were, to side with misfortune and pretend to find their team's discomfiture funny: and to greet with ironical cheering any ball that did not take a wicket.

It turned our lusty stumper, Jim Forman, savage. Always inclined to be reckless at the start, he now let out in fury at the remaining balls of that first fatal over, missed them completely, and survived: a sight so lamentable as to dim with sorrow the more judicious eyes. Walter, at the other end, was dogged and tight and feeble, poor chap; making nice harmless bowling look quite deadly in its guile. He got a lucky one to leg, and Jim could hardly wait to take centre before continuing his display of rage. It is rarely wise to ask for it: he asked for it loud and clearly: and of course on this dreadful day he got it. For he let full fly and connected, driving the ball hard at mid-off who, standing rather deep, stretched out a large right hand and brought off a beautiful catch, which the

enraged James by his manner seemed to suggest (oh ! so wrongly) was another slice of foul bad luck. 2—4—0.

Gauvinier went in, hoping humbly, but without much confidence, that he might be kept from being merely silly ; for there was *that* at work determined to make the side look ridiculous. The score struggled painfully into double figures without further loss, when Walter, at length feeling less dogged and tight, took his first hit at the left-arm bowler, quite a good shot, but a shade too soon, and, getting under it, gave deep extra cover a nice catch to hold, and he held it. 13—5—6.

Freddie Winthrop came in, hurrying. He and Gauvinier had on several occasions made a pleasant stand together when a stand had been needed. Would they again ? The worst of it was that these horrible opening minutes—eight minutes, still, to three, old John McLeod looked at his watch with anguish to observe—had transformed the doings of the afternoon from a game to a calculated torture. ' Ah, got to take your medicine ! ' as one spectator remarked to a rueful player.

And the score dragged slowly along—still in its futile teens, for all the grim persistence of Freddie and Gauvinier at the wickets. Came a half-volley outside his legs at which Gauvinier smote, and which he missed ; the stumper jumped to stop it with his pads and the ball shot off his knee on to the wicket : ' How's that ? ' The umpire's finger was instantly and rightly raised. As Harry informed Harriet in the song, if she died unwed ' You've only got yerself to blame ' ; there was no need to have missed the ball, no need to have dragged his right foot so far over the crease in missing it—still it was unfortunate. 16—6—5.

Altogether too much, the whole dreadful business, for the next man : he took a wild dip at his first ball, which was straight and set his middle stump leaning. 16—7—0.

And father was exhorting his son William : ' The wicket's perfect, boy ; the bowling is nothing to mind. Just you stay quietly there, as though nothing had happened and you were batting number one as you used to bat at school and should by rights bat here . . . '

Gauvinier passed out of earshot, unable to bear the excellence of the precepts given ; somehow it seemed the wrong moment to indulge in them. And when it came, as it quickly did, to William's turn to bat, father kept on with his counsel, yards out with son towards the crease, who uttered an unfilial but explicable : ' Oh,

that's all right, Dad ! ' which being interpreted with gesture and omissions must be construed far more strongly than the mere words can suggest.

Well, there they were, Freddie Winthrop and William, batting : the last frail gossamer hope—for Bill, ah, Bill ! he hit sixes or got out ; always, pretty well, got out. And nobody rebuked Jimmy, the stumper, for starting to put on his pads. ' No sense in hanging about.'

The team were all hardened in advance by this time against the ignominy of being skittled out, and felt that the sooner they went into the field to give the visiting side their care-free batting practice, the better. There was nothing to bowl against : no hope of getting them out cheap, hitting mightily, declaring, and pulling the game out of the fire on the second knock. Spirits sunk to their uttermost ebb. The batsmen were gloomily, almost angrily, watched ; their puny little efforts to prolong the agony were not really liked ! A run here, a run there, a couple of byes—what was the use of that ? And they were running very nicely ; Freddie was quick ; no doubt about that, very quick. Not much good now, though how excellent it would have been with a hundred or so on the board : a good little stand of twenty or so for the ninth wicket. But their pluck now served to sink others deeper into sorriiness and gloom. Yes : William put them to leg with a neat shot, quite well, but not quite well enough to justify father's ecstatic perpetual cry of ' Oh, beautiful stroke, boy ! Beautiful stroke ! ' You couldn't help unkindly feeling that so long as his boy showed up well, nothing else much mattered. In fact horrid thoughts were everywhere present, like a swarm of gnats, eager to bite.

And meanwhile thirty was hoisted by eager little boys, which drew a cheer, disgustingly tainted by derision. Even the bravest watched fascinated, of course, but utterly refusing to think it was any good, utterly refusing to hope.

And forty went up. A new bowler was put on, who presented William with a full toss to leg and a long hop, which were both quietly despatched to the boundary for four. Then a swiftly run, snatched two past cover and fifty went up. There was no derision at all in the cheer which greeted it. Jimmie the stumper began to unbuckle his pads ; then stopped, thinking very seriously, ' If I takes them off they'll be certain to get out,' and buckled the straps up again. That was not superstition, of course, but plain common sense.

But, oh Lord ! what's this ? Look at Freddie ! Such a shot. William's fours must have excited him too much ; what was meant for a dashing drive struck inches too high up on the bat and soared up softly to a pleasant height to drop sweetly down into the hands of mid-on, a sitter if ever there was a sitter : down indeed it sweetly dropped straight into mid-on's hands and sweetly through them to the ground : to a roar of joy, as Freddie turned back laughing to the wicket, which he was beginning most woefully to leave.

Spirits rose with an almost painful jerk as this large slice of luck thus suddenly and unexpectedly presented. The miasma passed off in one great gasp of delighted astonishment, and in one great shout of joy as Freddie, not to be put off, leaped right out at the next ball and slashed it wide of mid-off licking along the grass to the boundary. All eyes were bright, all faces eager and happy, as the score mounted, easily and smoothly, to sixty. Every run was cheered, and every run increased the tensity of excitement, as gradually it became evident that some sort of a game was after all to be made of it. Sixteen when William went in. Good boy, it's sixty now. And little old Freddie. ' What price the Doddler ! ' as Sid Smith (alas ! a mere spectator now) shouted from the pavilion at the top of his loud, clear voice. Old John McLeod was beside himself : ' You never know at cricket ! You never do know at cricket ! Was there ever such a beautiful nice game ? Don't dream of declaring till tea, boy ; don't dream of declaring till tea ! Ah now, there, bless my soul, if those boys aren't putting seventy up. And that dear good foolish woman of mine wanted me to go to the pictures. Did you ever hear of such tomfoolery in all your life to miss a game like this ? Oh, well hit, boy, well hit ! '

William had made a lovely shot to leg, a quick tap, beautifully timed. Missed, as it had been, that shot was his undoing : his left leg came well in front, and l.b.w. he'd been with sickening frequency. Now it was his making ; the bowler kept on plugging 'em at his legs, swearing to himself (you could pretty well hear him !) he'd get him leg before this time. But it was William's day, not his.

And eighty went up, which, as old John hurried round assuring everybody, was every bit as good as 120 on almost any ground but ours (where the dreadful outfield turned many a safe four into a two or even a sorry one). A quarter to four. Those two good boys had been batting for as near the hour as made no matter. A new bowler was put on : an oldish chap. He seemed to know what he was

about, for he instantly brought two men on to the leg side, knowing apparently to the exact inch where he wanted them to stand (Sid Smith called out cheerily, to a general laugh, 'Ah, body-line bowling's barred, sir!'), closish square, and dropped mid-on back ten yards—with a very deep mid-wicket. The leg-side trap took a few minutes carefully to set. He then proceeded, with a stiffish action, to bowl a full toss well outside the off-stump, which must have disconcerted William, for he took a lash at it and missed. The bowler swung his arm round to loosen it, and laughed. He gave the impression of being anxious to have his bit of fun, and almost everybody watching was in the happy mood to think him merely funny. Along came a highish full toss on William's body, who swung out to sweep it on its way; but the ball hit far nearer the splice than the centre of the bat and dropped into the hands of the carefully placed short leg. Who laughs last . . . 'I knew it! I knew it!' wailed father. 'Oh, boy, what a pity! Nearin' your fifty, too, and the hundred not quite up.' 83—9—47. And many were hoarse and sore-handed with appreciation of young William's performance.

Bill hurried out, half running, half walking. The horrid trap had been set apparently all specially for William, for the field was rearranged—more usually, by which Sid Smith, knowing Bill's methods, was immensely tickled. For Bill's repertory of strokes is confined to one terrific wipe; he has a marvellous eye when it functions—must have; quickness of foot, too, when they do move—must have. Yet no one knows, himself least of all, why or when or how he does anything with the bat. He's just a miracle.

Whack! at the first ball; nowhere near it; wicket still stands. The bowler thinks another like that will just do. Along it comes. Whack! This time, though, hit clean and sweet, soaring into the road, off the off stump. The old bowler, surprised but unshaken, puts down a perfect-length ball on the middle peg: harder and higher and well over the road, that one—to frenzied yells of delight from every little boy on the ground. From eighty-three to ninety-five in two hits, when every single run was of priceless value! Ah, yes, here it comes, slower, tossed farther up for Bill to hit across, and he hits across it all right and misses it, and the ball misses the wicket by barely half an inch, but misses it.

Follows a maiden, for Freddie is aware how near we are to the hundred and simply can't do more than stop 'em, knowing one beat from Bill will do the trick, and send the hundred up; superstitious,

too, about Bill's inability to hit any ball without the lure of the road to help him.

It is difficult to believe that a good-length ball on the middle stump should be jam, pure and simple : one step out with a swinging crash, and the ball soared over both hedges far into the orchard on the other side of the road. 101. The bowler could not believe it : must be a fluke, not to be repeated. He sent down an even better ball, slightly faster. Whang ! The same shot, considerably higher, but dropped safely in the road. 107.

'Oh, go it, Bill !' 'Just one more, please.' 'Let 'em have it !' 'Here comes the old 'bus !' Yells came and shouts from the crowd, in a state near mania now with excitement and the sheer mad fun of it all. Young Bill, of all people, helping himself to sixes, off a toff team, too. 'Struth ! Look at that ! Would you believe it ? The best of the lot, that one.' They stood up and leaned forward and yelled through cupped hands at him, 'Well hit !' 113.

The old bowler pulled himself together and managed at last to send down a slowish half-volley on the leg stump, a gift of six to a batsman, but a fatal ball to Bill, who hit, of course, yards across it and was bowled. 113—10—30. Not enough, but not bad considering that at one time it was about two to one against Tillingfold making twenty.

Carswell had got caught up into the wild excitement ; keen as a prep-school kid, Gauvinier noticed with glee. He'd been sitting with the team in the pavilion, the General having gone off for bowls ; he rolled a cunning wood.

'We must do 'em in. After that ghastly start ! Too priceless !'

'There'll be three-quarters of an hour before tea.'

Tillingfold rather prided themselves on being good in the field, and it was clear so soon as ever the innings started that no runs were going to be given away from slackness, or catches dropped through inattention. Every man was alert, on his toes, in his place ; all keen and glad that the side had done so well, although only three of them had had much fun at batting. You could feel the vibrant keenness if you were sensitive, as Gauvinier was, to the feel of a side. Carswell's good fielding had been remarked upon at Lord's. He never fielded better than he did against The Vagrants on the village green, and his neat, good work was appreciated, though not on this occasion written about in the newspapers. The batsmen took no risks ; there was no hurry ; they played them-

selves carefully in against bowling (Ballard one end, Gauvinier the other) that needed watching. Runs came very slowly during the first half-hour, and then Ballard, with a beauty that came in from the off and took the leg bail, clean bowled No. 1. 11—1—5. Twenty was up by tea-time.

But almost directly after tea, they began to attack the bowling. Nothing reckless or unsound about their play; just determined aggression, which set every man on the field more tightly on his toes, more alert for a possible chance. It was good cricket. By forty Gauvinier had a double change, taking off first himself, then, an over or so afterwards, Ballard. In the fifties he went on again, and off his second ball young Carswell brought off a catch he will never forget and few will forget who saw it held, running full tilt back from cover, just reaching it with a stretched right hand. 58—2—23.

That magnificent catch started a change that was dramatic in its suddenness. It looked a certain four as it left the bat. 60 for 1, with two men going strong looked wellnigh hopeless. 58 for 2, looked better, and when Gauvinier yorked down the leg stump of No. 4, 58 for 3 began to look promising. He put Ballard on again, and Ballard, terrifically on his mettle, shaved the wicket with his first ball and scattered it with his second, which came in a good foot from the off, a real beauty. 58 for 4. Tillingfold were certainly going to make a game of it. The excitement grew in tensify. The new man started off, as though he'd been batting for an hour, with perfect confidence: a two past mid-on, a neat four to leg, then lashed a short one on the off well past a slower cover, but Carswell, moving with neat swiftness, brought off another superb catch, a less spectacular, but to a trained cricket eye, an even better catch: sheer alert knowledge took him to the right place and made the thing look almost simple, which would have appeared no catch at all to almost any other man on the ground; for he started to move practically the moment the bat struck the ball—an exquisite bit of work. His prowess in the field had atoned for his mishaps at the wicket. 64 for 5. There was now a sporting chance of an actual win, if this excellence of attack could be maintained.

The Vagrants felt the pressure, knowing full well the importance of not losing another wicket yet. An advantage gained that once begins to slip away is apt to go with a rush. The game was held in tensify, as in a tug of war the pullers lean back stretched and straining and no inch of ground is given by either side. One bats-

man faced the pressure dourly to wear the attack down slowly, and played a maiden over. The other batsman was resolved to burst through the pressure, to meet attack with attack. He jumped out to hit Gauvinier; two balls he missed, two balls he drove hard to fieldsmen, the fifth ball went for four, and the last—a huge hit—was skied, a terrific height, and Gauvinier held it ten yards behind the umpire: he had to look down to avoid the stumps, then up again and take his place for the ball, which did eventually drop (it took a long time) and fall into his hands; a catch he was pleased, as the service says, to have and to hold. 68 for 6.

And off Ballard's third ball the dour man was caught at the wicket. 68 for 7. Whereupon The Vagrants definitely began to feel the hardness of the wall at their backs. But the incoming batsman showed no sign whatever of this. He stepped briskly to the wicket and said, with cheerful casualness: 'A real good little game this!' And the answer was not a growled, ferocious: 'A damn sight better little game when you've had your blasted stumps knocked down for you!' The answer was an equally casual: 'It is and no mistake!'

The strained pull with no inch given on either side began again after The Vagrants' totter towards the fatal line. Seventy went up and slowly, run by run, each run fought for, the score moved nearer and nearer to eighty. What had at first seemed certain to be no game at all had turned out to be a superb game—a very game of games. And then suddenly, with two fours and a six, the lost ground was regained and ninety went up, and at ninety-one the eighth wicket fell, mid-on leaping out to and holding a fast one.

The excitement was so great that everybody, playing or watching, could not help hoping that the next man in would have a go to knock the runs off or get out (preferably, get out) and not keep up the almost unbearable suspense. The next man in thought otherwise. There followed two maiden overs with no semblance of a chance; after which the two batsmen walked to the centre of the pitch and had a little conference together. It at once became clear what they had conferred about. For the second ball of the next over was pushed slowly towards mid-off and an immediate, very quick, very short and perfectly safe run was taken: a tip-and-run shot taken with tip-and-run immediacy. The effect was to intensify the already tense atmosphere. The next ball was pushed towards square leg and an instant run taken before the bewildered fellow had decided which end to hurl the ball. Carswell at cover moved

a yard or two nearer praying for his chance. It came—he leaped in, flung his return at the bowler's wicket, with the man feet out, missed the wicket by inches and gave two overthrows, as Freddie could not nip back in time to be in place for backing up.

The thing became excruciating. Every man was wound up tight, on his toes and more, tumbling almost over them.

And the score was nearing the hundred. The pace slowed down again. They refused to take further risks: it was a sudden burst to surprise the field and rattle it. Two painful maidens slowly passed. Two runs in the next: three in the next: and the hundred went up. They looked set, and Gauvinier changed the bowling. Half an hour more to go: and then suddenly, surprisingly, the end came. The batsman who had suggested the short runs, for the first time in his innings, stepped out and cracked two successive sixes into the road.

The Vagrants made 133 for 9 and Tillingfold were beaten, but in a game which no one who had played in it would forget for its excellence (quite lurid in its incident), after a start which made it look as though it must be burnt for ever into the mind for its feebleness.

## ALPINE ADVENTURES.

## III. 1905.

BY A. CARSON ROBERTS.

TELLING OF PRESENT HELP IN NEED AND OF HOW A CREVASSE  
'SAVED A LUNATIC'S LIFE.'

It was in one of the early years of this century that Haskett-Smith, Geoffrey Hastings and I spent our holiday climbing in Dauphiné. On a day of extreme heat we strolled up the Etançons valley and mounted the glacier to the hut on the lower promontory of La Meije. The weather, however, was looking bad when we left it the next morning, and it was with little hope of completing our climb that we proceeded up the great promontory to the *pyramide Duhamel* at the head of the *grand couloir*.

A traverse of La Meije is a splendidly interesting climb throughout, but it is upon her *grande Muraille*, which starts from the head of this *grand Promontoire*, that depends much of her title to the saying 'C'est qu'elle est et qu'elle reste La Grande Difficile.' Several of the rocks on this wall retain the names given to them in the 'seventies and 'eighties by the early assailants of the Grand Pic.

In my eagerness to avoid being turned before we had exploited the difficulties of this wall, I had pressed forward in the *grand couloir*, and had tried one or two of them before my companions came to its base, and found me perched some 30 ft. up with the rope uncoiled; but it was cheek on my part to enquire whether Haskett was going to lead, for he had behind him a magnificent rock-climbing record. I was told, if I wished to go further, to throw down rope and get on with the job: light snow was already falling. At one place above the *campement Castelnau* it became clear that the track I was following led into the *mauvais pays* and would bring us under the massive icicles which form a frieze on the eastern part of the wall where it extends below the hanging glacier. Turning back (to the left) we regained the safer route, and after some steep climbing, where holds were not abundant or over-good, we reached an easy rake which slanted upwards to the west and joined the ridge just below the *pas du chat*. A

dark cloud then enveloped us; it was bitterly cold, and heavy snow was evidently on its way. My companions now ordered retreat—but we had satisfied ourselves that we knew how to negotiate that wall. We were glad to shelter for a while in the hut, but it was a wet walk back to La Bérarde.

Some days later we started for that hut again, and this time Herr Sachs, of Breslau, who had with him two Almers (Hans and his nephew Christian), decided to follow us. Sachs was a heavy man, who had to his credit many climbs and one notable adventure in a crevasse below the Trift Joch, where his guides, after failing to pull him up, had to go down to obtain help. It is related that, when they had returned and lowered a man to see if he was still alive, Sachs asked at once how many guides had come and what payment they expected, and that, on hearing that they numbered sixteen and that each thought he should receive the tariff for the col, Sachs simply took out another cigar and told the man he was quite happy where he was.

In the evening we saw a party of seven coming down from the Brèche de la Meije, and, on their joining us in the hut, we found them to be some charming young Frenchmen with Émile Pic and two other local guides. In the morning this large party started early, all on one rope, and we had plenty of time for our first breakfast and other preparations while they were negotiating the interesting bit of climbing which starts almost from the door of the hut. We made short work of that steep chimney climb and came up with them just before reaching the concealed ledge which provides a useful traverse into the *grand couloir*. Here, their leading guide sat down and blandly suggested that we should go forward as we climbed so much faster. This, as I learnt later from one of the Frenchmen, was prompted by the hope that we three amateurs would miss our way there or, at any rate, fail and, need help, on the *grande Muraille*. But Haskett, who had taken his proper place when we roped up at the head of the great buttress, never so much as boggled at any of the difficulties or intricacies of the wall.

We sat down for some refreshment by the Glacier Carré—that conspicuous white patch hanging, like a square handkerchief, below the final slope of the Grand Pic, and waited for our young friends who were profuse in their compliments. When those two final difficulties—the *Cheval Rouge* and the *Chapeau du Capucin* had been overcome by Haskett with Hastings' backing (was there

ever a better second man ?), the Frenchmen were almost too full of compliments and congratulations on joining us on the Grand Pic which barely gave room for ten. Both here and at the Glacier Carré they had arrived much sooner than we expected. Except on that first bit by the hut, they had made admirable time, especially considering that there were seven persons on one rope.

Sachs had not reached this summit (13,081 ft.) when we left it at 9 a.m. On the descent to the *Brèche Zsigmondy* we had to resort considerably to *abseiling*,<sup>1</sup> as many of the holds were filled with ice or loose snow. On the level base of that gap in the ridge we had a delightful rest and talked of the brave brothers after whom it is named. Without guides they made the first traverse of the mountain in 1885, and one lost his life a few days later in attempting a climb up the south-east face. The rope of seven came down to us, and Hastings said we ought to return their courtesy, so we asked them to lead on. Haskett and I believe that politeness was not our Geoffrey's only motive. He had spied Sachs beginning his descent from the Grand Pic amid a multiplicity of ropes rather like a blue-bottle in a spider's web, and Hastings couldn't miss the chance of taking a series of photographs.

A newly-fixed rope, parts of it buried in ice, offered direct access to the ridge some 100 ft. above, but the local guides resented this rope and said they preferred to climb the mountain properly, that is by a traverse on the north face followed by a climb back to the ridge; and we also decided to scorn that rope (*N.B.*—It would have taken a long time to free it from the ice). We had to extend our halt by another full hour before the last man of that party had disappeared round the corner and had called back that the way was open for us. Sachs was then approaching the *Brèche*.

We soon understood why the local guides had taken so long. That north face was in very different condition from the south face—it was sheathed in *verglas* and powdery snow: each hold had to be found and cleared; and the loose snow hid the said hold as soon as it was left. The traverse was by no means easy, but the climb up to the ridge was horrible. At one place I told

<sup>1</sup> As explained in my first article, CORNHILL, March, 1936, p. 4. On really difficult climbs a coil of spare rope is usually carried. It is lighter than the standard climbing rope but much longer. By hanging the centre of this spare rope on some firm belay—a prong of rock or a piton driven into a crevice—a descent of fifty or more feet on otherwise unclimbable face can be made. Naturally, as soon as one begins to unreeve the rope from its belay, return by that route is barred. This roping-down process is known as an *abseil* or a *rappel*.

Hastings that I could find no holds, and I well remember his bracing reply—'Shut up, you've got to do it, so up you go.' I did, but once or twice part of my weight was taken by the adhesive power of a wool-clad knee pressed against ice that sloped somewhat in the wrong direction.

We regained the ridge of the mountain, but just as we started forward we heard shouting by the party below. Haskett said 'Get on, it's only the Almers exhorting Sachs,' but I had caught the words 'Engleesh gentlemen' and I shouted back. The words which then came up were exactly these, 'The Herr he cannot move from where he is, not one of us is good, send the rope down quickly.' We untied our 80-ft. climbing rope in haste, coiled it roughly and threw an end down—towards the voice the owner of which was out of sight. Someone shouted back 'More to the left,' but our combined powers failed to haul that rope back. I was the youngest and accustomed to working as a yacht hand, so, naturally, it was my job to go down the rope and kick it out of the place in which it had jammed. At one moment it was a near call: I had to weather the abrupt transfer of my weight from legs to arms when at last the tangled end of the rope came free from its jam. Almer then called to me to give it quickly to the Herr, so I moved to the left until the end dangling below me came within Sachs' reach. I then saw that it would not have reached him unless stretched by my weight. The spread-eagled party was almost on one level with their rope fully extended, the two Almers, one away to my left the other to my right, clinging like limpets to their holds. The climb back would have been much easier had the rope not been pressed against the ice-covered rocks by Sachs' weight. My two friends were holding the end firmly and had it hitched round a good belay—a great piton, if I remember rightly, which someone had driven into the rock.

We held the rope tight and moved in pace with Sachs' progress; and, as soon as he had traversed to the leading Almer, the latter used our rope freely for his ascent: he would have been a fool had he not. Before his tether enabled him to reach us, we had to pull hard to bring Sachs higher, but soon we had two ropes on him and two men hauling on each. I know he would forgive me for telling that a leg was the first part of him which came over that bulge, and that we laughed uproariously as we hauled him crabwise to the top. He was a good fellow who could enjoy a joke against himself.

There followed a long and interesting progress over the three intervening peaks to the Pic Central or Doigt de Dieu (13,026 ft.). It is an easy walk for the most part, if you have a steady head and can keep to the actual rock ridge. Much of the route has a formidable overhang to the south, while on the north the slope becomes rapidly steeper as it curves over towards the glacier below. This north side was almost entirely snow-covered when we were there. We stood by Sachs and had some reward for our waiting on finding that, when his immensely long spare rope was joined to ours and the centre hitched over the belaying rock at the top of the first big downward step, the ends hung below the *bergschrund*. We could accordingly go the whole way down that steep snow-face without any step-cutting.

It was 9 p.m. when we had crossed the *schrund*: no less than twelve hours had been spent on the ridge of our mountain; but our last manœuvre had brought us well up with the big party. Leaving the Almers to unreeve and coil up the spare ropes, we started down the Tabuchet Glacier in pursuit of the twinkling lanterns in front. We did not halt to light ours.

We expected to find it a long five hours in the dark to La Grave, and, as we found later, the leading party reached the village about twenty-four hours after their start from the hut—a fine day's work considering the conditions on the mountain. As soon as we reached the Rocher de l'Aigle, where the glacier curves down to its icefall, Hastings found a ledge some 12 ft. above the ice and announced firmly that it was here we must spend the night. It was no ideal *gîte*: the best we could do was to build up stone seats and a little rampart to check a fall if anyone dozed and rolled over. The trickles on the rocks had frozen up, and we had no liquid left in our sacks to help in relaxing our parched throats. No thought had been given to food for many hours, but I, for one, could swallow nothing: my inside had been giving me trouble for some time, and it got worse as I sat on this cold ledge. I had no hope of sleep, and I know I was a miserable and querulous companion that night.

Sachs, on the other hand, was as merry as a grig. He had arrived a little after ten and had taken up his quarters in the hollow between our rock and the ice. For much of the time he kept up a flow of merry jests, such as 'How do you find the Hôtel Tabuchet?', 'What is the accommodation like on your floor?', 'Do come down and share this bottle with me'—followed by a

pop which we had good reason to suspect. In the morning a frost-bitten toe was added to my troubles—the stockings I was wearing were of such a stiff-necked breed that it was a two-man job to get them off, so I had simply pulled a dry pair over the wet ones. My only thought was how to get quickly down to the hotel and a soft bed.

The three below started early, and, thinking they might have some knowledge of the track, I went off in advance, to keep in sight of them, while my friends were still struggling with frost-hardened boots. After going for some time over rocks, I saw them halt at the top of the Bec de l'Homme Glacier, walk down it some way and then turn to the left to regain the rocks: I did not observe that they had put on crampons. When I got to the spot, I decided at once that a glissade was the thing for me, and stepped on to the ice thinking I could walk at first as they had done, but I was carried off in a glissade at once, with the spike of my specially well-shod axe braking strongly and cutting a deep groove in the ice. The pace increased but was still under some control, and I was expecting to come heavily, but feet first, against the rocks at the bottom, when I was startled by the sight of a wide crevasse running across the middle of the glacier. To my right it was white—to my left black and I had just time to steer enough to the right to take it where it was white.

When I had pulled myself together and tried my limbs, I saw plenty of blood about but could find no damage except one buzzing head and one profusely bleeding nose. I scrambled on to the lower lip of the crevasse, started walking to the left, and, to my surprise, saw Hastings followed by Haskett hurrying along it towards me. How they got there in the time I couldn't guess—probably I was unconscious for a short time in that crevasse. In any case they must have done an amazing sprint down those rocks, for before long we were in touch with Sachs and the Almers.

Haskett and Hastings are still convinced that that crevasse saved the life of a lunatic glissader. They may be right; but I still hang to the belief that, had it not been there, I could have kept that glissade under fair control, and would have struck the first rock feet foremost by throwing myself on my back at the last moment. True, the pace would have been fast and the impact severe, perhaps even the heels might have been torn from my boots, as some of the nails were wrenched out before I reached the crevasse.

When I got down to the hotel I was in poor fettle and spent two days in bed. My friends went viâ the Lauteret back to La Bérarde, but Sachs stayed on and constituted himself my kindly nurse. His gratitude for the help we had given him was deep, and I know that his offers to give me the time of my life should I come to Breslau, were sincere. I have never heard of him since. I can remember that, even at that early date, *Der Tag* had a large place in his talk. I have often wondered what it brought to him.

I obtained a felt boot for my right foot, drove to Bourg d'Oisans and, in charming company, waited there another day for my luggage to come down from La Bérarde.

*'ST. PAUL'S, IN COVENT GARDEN.'*

THE little Church, that stood with doors ajar  
Dim in the twilight, sleeping for a while,  
Showed one elusive light, which threw a bar  
Of radiance down the ghostly-peopled aisle.

All the dark hours that constant light will shine  
(While distant footsteps make the echoes stir.)  
Gleaming upon the little silver Shrine,  
Which holds all mortal memories of her.

She, gay and gentle, wise, demure or merry,  
Whose name beneath the casket one can trace,  
And whose brave spirit, gallant Ellen Terry !  
Has come to rest in this small sombre place.

Her soul, which like the lamp burnt fiery-clear,  
Lived eagerly, and spent itself in flight,  
And now at last she slumbers quietly here,  
A star, still shining in its own strange light.

MOLLIE OGLETHORPE.

### THE INCONGRUOUS PARTNERSHIP.

BY C. T. STONEHAM.

CHARLIE HUIS, road foreman in the service of the Public Works Department, was engaged in building a bridge across the Sugaroi. It was not a difficult task, for the stream was narrow with precipitous banks, and beside it grew a variety of timber to make bearers, runners, and decking. Huis had ten Kavirondo boys to help him; he spent most of his time squatting in the shade smoking his corn-cob pipe, watching his assistants at their leisurely labour.

An untenanted wilderness surrounded him; the nearest farm was eight miles away, and although the young Dutchman was used to estrangement from people of his own colour he heartily wished the settlements were nearer, so that after his day's work he could take a drink and swap a yarn with someone more congenial than a black savage. As it was, he had to amuse himself in the evenings by shooting.

There were plenty of antelope along the river, and the inordinate appetites of his workmen provided an excuse for killing, but Huis found little pleasure in hunting for its own sake; he looked to his rifle to supplement his wages, and in this spot there seemed nothing which could be hunted with profit. The buffalo had gone down to the thickets on the big river ten miles away; for some reason the zebra had vacated the district, and with the zebra went the lions. There were leopards—there are always leopards—but they were too clever for the hunter; they avoided his traps and went about their business so stealthily under the cloak of night that he never got a shot at one. There was also a cow rhinoceros with a young calf; but Huis had no licence to shoot rhino, and though he coveted the horn—worth thirty shillings a pound at this time—he dare not risk being betrayed to the Game Warden by his garrulous natives.

The Game Department had marked him long ago. Whenever he returned to headquarters his boys were invited to tell of his doings in the 'blue,' and any proven infringement of the ordinance would result in a heavy fine and the loss of his job. So Huis reluctantly left the rhino alone.

The rhino was an irritable old lady; she had lived along the Sugaroi for years and had reared several offspring there, all of which, as soon as their horns warranted it, had been killed by the neighbouring settlers. But the old cow remained unmolested, because, fortunately for her, she had broken her horn off short, and no one was going to pay £15 to shoot £5 worth of 'Chinese aphrodisiac.'

Munyi's latest production was a square, squat, ugly little bull-calf whom we will call Kifaru. He was three months old, big enough to crop the plants, and digest the sweet fronds of the euphorbia tree, but he still clung closely to his dam, depending on her for the most of his nourishment. He was the apple of her eye, she never let him out of sight, and was disposed to believe that all the other wild creatures were ready to harm him were it not for the terrible reputation of his guardian. No animal larger than a steinbuck could approach the rhino without provoking a charge; her days were occupied in wrath and disturbance, her nights in dread lest the slinking leopards should filch the precious calf from under her armed nose.

There was another mother whom Munyi frequently encountered browsing in the glades along the Sugaroi: a young giraffe whose offspring was as precious to her as was Kifaru to the bad-tempered rhinoceros. For some reason Munyi did not regard the giraffes as harmful. They were such placid, timid creatures; they did not snort at her like antelope, nor stare aggravatingly like warthog; whenever she encountered them they stole discreetly away among the bushes without fuss or argument. She considered them no more than an empress the humble folk in her streets.

Twiga, the mother giraffe, had selected the river-valley, where food was good and there were no lions, in which to rear her progeny. The herd to which she belonged had wandered afar; she stayed there alone with her calf, unmolested, content with her peaceful, unhurried life. And then into this untroubled beauty-spot came the Dutchman and his black helpers, ministers of progress in the shape of roads and bridges, harbingers of the strife and unrest with which man prosecutes his unrevealed destiny in defiance of natural limitations.

Munyi was the first to come into collision with the new regime. One morning she wandered down-stream, the calf at her heels, and emerged suddenly into the clearing where the bridge was being built. At the moment the labourers were resting—a not infrequent

diversion from their duties—they were lying sunning themselves on the bank while their white overseer mended a rope with which they were to pull a heavy balk into place. One of them glanced at the fringe of bush fifty yards away and saw the grey bulk of the rhinoceros appear through the leaves. He started up, crouching and pointing, uttering the one low ejaculation: 'Faru!'

Huis dropped the rope, sprang to a tree, and picked up his rifle. Udongo, the boy who had given the alarm, extended his arm, and Huis, following its direction, saw the motionless form of Munyi. He opened and closed the rifle bolt, slowly and noiselessly: everyone was silent, waiting.

Munyi's short-sighted eyes could not pick out the men, but she was aware there were living things in the clearing. She knew they were all watching her, like a pack of baboons, and they had no friendly feelings: the atmosphere was charged with hostility. The wind was the wrong way for her sensitive nose to inform her of danger, but she felt it; the still figures, indistinguishable from logs and bushes, threatened her with soundless concentration of malevolence. She snorted loudly, wishing to express her ferocity—her intolerance of interference in this browsing-place she considered hers.

Huis levelled his rifle. Whether the rhinoceros attacked or not he had a perfectly good excuse for shooting her now that she threatened to interrupt the important work on which he was engaged. He whistled shrilly, and Munyi threw up her head towards the sound, snorting and peering in startled indecision. Straight through hide, and muscle, and bone crashed Huis's bullet; Munyi dropped as if poleaxed, her vertebræ shattered to pieces.

It was not till then that the men noticed the calf. Kifaru had been waiting behind his mother; when she fell he rushed out into the open, bucking and snorting in imitation of his ferocious protector in her most frightening aspect. There was no anger behind the calf's demonstration, it was all play to him, but he was a well-grown youngster and Huis had no time to ponder the intentions of the second animal which had so unexpectedly appeared; he sent another bullet screaming on its journey and Kifaru received it across the back of his neck and through one of his ears. At the same moment the natives jumped up and ran towards him, howling and laughing, for they had recognised his harmlessness and were eager to amuse themselves by baiting him. Huis cursed

the precipitancy which had made him shoot at a 'toto'; he shouted to his men to surround the creature and capture it.

Kifaru did not wait. The pain of his cut neck and punctured ear drove all thoughts from his mind but the desire to escape out of the place where such horrible things could happen. He paid no attention to his mother, who had apparently selected this inauspicious moment to lie down for a rest; he ran away as fast as he could, being assured that she would follow to console him in her customary fashion. Kifaru was a spoilt child, and on this occasion his inconsiderate behaviour saved him from serious misfortune. The boys could not overtake him; he crashed away through the bushes, puffing and grunting, until they gave up the chase and returned to the skinning of the dead beast.

Kifaru came to rest in a glade where he stood under a tree and considered in great indignation the harshness of his treatment. His wounds hurt, the flies had already smelt blood and hastened to torment him. He expected his mother to find and fuss over him, and he was determined to make himself unpleasant to her. She had no right to let him be harried by noisy creatures who stung like hornets. These outrages were always happening: only yesterday he had been badly bitten by safari ants and his mother had done nothing about it. Already he had developed the irritable disposition of his kind; his wrath was easily aroused and not soon placated.

But when, at the end of half an hour, his mother had not come to look for him, he became worried. Surely she had not lost him! He could have followed her spoor half over Africa; he credited her with a like ability, for without reasoning he knew the capabilities of his species. In a chastened mood he retraced his steps to the clearing, and as he neared it he began to utter a soft, plaintive whistle.

The boys were making such a noise over the cutting up of Munyi that they did not hear the bereaved calf, but he heard them plainly enough. It shocked him to discover that the baboon-creatures were still in the clearing; it appeared that his invincible mama had gone off somewhere to search for him in the wrong direction. He decided to go back along the river to visit their favourite feeding-grounds where a reunion was bound to be effected sooner or later.

The rest of the day he spent in wandering from glade to glade, growing more uneasy with every hour that found him still alone

and unprotected from the unknown perils of the wilderness. He traped about, following familiar trails, tasting foliage from trees where he and his mother had browsed contentedly the day before ; he surprised a troop of impalla and put them to flight, and blundered on the wallow of warthogs and was himself discomfited.

In the afternoon he heard again the chattering of men, and concealed himself in a dense thicket while Huis and several of his workmen passed by along the river trail.

The Dutchman was looking for the young rhino ; he was in a confident, sportive mood, for his natives, on being presented with the fat of the dead animal, had assured him there was no need to report the killing to the authorities—they would not betray a misdemeanour from which they derived profit. Udongo had told him about a giraffe he had seen along the river. 'Let us kill it this afternoon, Bwana,' he urged. 'You will take the hide, and we will take the tail and the meat. This is a lonely place : no one will ever know what we do here.'

From the hide of a giraffe Huis could make several wagon whips worth forty shillings each ; the tail could be sold to Indian jewellers, to make rings and bracelets, for at least £5. Huis determined to shoot the giraffe if he saw it. Meanwhile he hoped to find Kifarú. He explained to his men that if they caught the rhinoceros calf it would fetch a big sum : it would then be worth while to surrender the horn and hide of the dead beast to the Game Department and to take out a licence for the live one. But the hunting party disdained silence and caution in the pursuit of a helpless 'toto,' and their confidence begot failure, for by their careless laughter they alarmed the quarry, passing within a stone's throw of the terrified Kifarú without suspecting his presence.

Farther on, Huis came on the spoor of the giraffe. The men followed it, in silence now, and found Twiga browsing off a mimosa tree by the river. She was standing sideways to the men ; the calf was on the far side of her, slaking his thirst from her udder. It did not seem shocking to Huis that he should interrupt this peaceful scene by the brutal murder of the inoffensive giraffe ; he had been reared in an environment where chivalry is displayed only to the females of the human species, and mercy is extended only to man and man's possessions. Wild animals were entitled to no consideration in his philosophy ; if their destruction was productive of either money or pleasure they must be exterminated in conformity with his strange belief that he and his kind had

inherited the earth, and all it contained, for their profit and amusement. He thrust his rifle over a branch and took careful aim at the big beast's shoulder.

Udongo, his gaze intent upon the quarry, did not notice the manner of his master's aim; the leafy end of the branch obstructed his view, he pulled it downwards out of the way at the moment Huis pressed the trigger. The rifle barrel dropped a foot, and slid to the left; Twiga plunged forward and disappeared behind a line of bushes, leaving her calf kicking out its life on the ground.

Huis was furious; he struck Udongo on the jaw, knocked him down, and kicked him several times as he lay there. And while he suffered this ill-treatment Udongo made up his mind that so soon as he returned to Nairobi he would tell the Game Warden all about the shooting of the rhino and the giraffe.

Twiga ran a long way before her terror subsided. Then she realised she had abandoned her calf, and made her way back to the river, using the utmost caution, to see what had become of it. The men had departed, the glade where she had fed was empty, and Twiga knew she would never see her calf again. She stood by the murmuring water, grief-stricken, but mute, for the giraffe has no voice with which to express its troubles or summon its kindred. And there in the chill of the evening Kifaru encountered Twiga and formed one of those strange friendships which frequently astonish the student of animal nature.

The rhinoceros calf was forlorn and frightened; he had seen no animal but supercilious impalla and unfriendly warthog since he had been thrown on his own resources that morning; he welcomed the discovery of the giraffe as a resumption of contact with familiar things reminiscent of a happy yesterday. Twiga, sunk in the apathy of sorrow, regarded the young rhinoceros with indifference; she prepared to move away when his arrogant mother should make an appearance and snort at her. But no ponderous mama emerged from the bushes, Kifaru came forward alone, whistling a greeting, holding his ugly, wrinkled snout towards her, staring up at her with blue, pitiful eyes.

Twiga bowed her neck gracefully, swished her tail, and indicated friendliness by the posture of her ears. She felt that the youngster was worried and unhappy, and the cause was readily apparent to her experienced mind: young things lost their mothers as mothers lost their young, and men had been shooting that afternoon. Twiga

had seen giraffe and antelope fall to the hunter's bullet; she had little doubt of Munyi's fate.

The calf nuzzled at her leg, she swung her head down and bestowed upon him a consoling lick from her rough tongue. Kifaru sought for milk and found it, but he did not like the taste. He stood beside the giraffe, vastly comforted by her presence, and presently he ate a few mouthfuls from a plant to dull the hunger of day-long abstinence.

In the gathering darkness Twiga stood brooding upon her loss while Kifaru made an inadequate meal from the leaves and bark of a neighbouring acacia. It was not the first time Twiga had borne and nourished a calf to have it ravished from her by the cruel chances of her wilderness life; she had no hope of better fortune this time and remained in this spot only because she felt too apathetic to travel. There was no further purpose in staying on the Sugaroi, she should join a herd and resume the gregarious existence of her species, but she knew not where to find her old companions from whom she had been separated so long. They had left this district, and some inexplicable intuitive faculty suggested they had gone north. Then north would go Twiga in search of them, but there was no hurry, the days were long and precisely similar, food and water were plentiful, and what would be would be.

Wild animals have an instinctive belief in their destiny; they do not seek to divine the purpose of living, but live at the dictation of caprice or desire, and Twiga was content to leave her future to fortune, but a certain half-apprehended duty began to impose itself and she reacted to it quite without consideration. The rhinoceros calf had adopted her in place of his missing dam; he depended upon her for comfort and protection, and Twiga, obsessed with the maternal instinct, fell naturally into the rôle Kifaru had selected for her. As the moon rose in carmine splendour through the heat haze of the veld, the giraffe moved off up-river, away from the haunts of men, and before her went the rhino calf, urged on by nudges off her broad chest as though he had been her own son.

They travelled most of the night and at dawn came to a forest of thorn-bush where they browsed together in complete amity, the stuggy, irascible little rhino and the towering, sensitive giraffe: a most incongruous pair, but both tree-eaters, and both bereaved, which makes a bond as strong among animals as humans.

They had left their man foes behind, but they had now entered a district where other enemies abounded. The thorns afforded

shelter for numerous predatory beasts ; there were lions, leopards, and several hyenas to act as scavengers for the killers. But the unusual partnership of giraffe and rhinoceros was an efficient one for wilderness living. Twiga had marvellous eyesight ; from the pliant tower on which her head was mounted she could survey her surroundings over the tops of the stunted trees, and as most carnivora prowl with their noses close to the ground they seldom realised they were under observation from on high until it was too late to alter their tactics. The giraffe was exceedingly wary, selecting open country at night where no cover gave concealment to her foes, by day frequenting the dense thickets from which she could look out over the broad veld while herself remaining in shelter. Kifaru, who accompanied his friend in all her movements, possessed the keenest nose in the wilds ; he showed a preference for standing on the lee of cover, and foretold the approach of intruders while they were yet beyond sight in the tangled bush. Fortunately there were plenty of zebra and antelope about ; the lions found easy prey for their hunting and were not obliged to pursue beasts whose strength and cunning would make their capture a long and tiresome business. But lions, like men, will pick up whatever profitable comes in their way, and there were alarms and escapes in the lives of the partners which kept their senses at stretch and sharpened their perceptions.

There was one enemy in the nyika who paid no attention to selection but seized upon the quarry which first presented itself : a twenty-foot python lived among the rocks near the river : at this time he had awakened from a long sleep and was eager for a meal. He did not move about much, contenting himself with a safe hiding-place behind a big boulder on a trail which led down to water, for he knew that sooner or later some animal would venture within reach of his strike, and like a spider he was a patient hunter.

Several days elapsed before his opportunity came ; the antelope, though there was no evidence of his presence, yet avoided his lair as if emanations of evil pervaded it : they disliked the natural ambush where the trail passed beside the boulder, and availed themselves of an alternative path. But Twiga and Kifaru had used the straight way before while the python still slept, and one moonlight night when they came down to water they offered Nyoka his chance.

He watched them pass : a big giraffe and rhino calf who was not accompanied by his dam. When they returned, Nyoka was pre-

pared for action. He made no move against the bigger beast, but the smaller seemed within his capability to overcome. It was not until he had launched his attack that he realised Kifaru was older and stronger than he had thought, but it was then too late to change the plan; he shot his long body under the rhino's belly, turned back over his withers, and threw a coil round his neck.

Kifaru heard the venomous hiss in his ear and felt the weighty clutch of an unknown antagonist; he became crazy with fear and rushed up on to the veld squealing like a giant pig. Nyoka had taken a good hold on the rock with his tail, but the strength of the ramping calf tore it loose; he found himself dragged into the open, his body trailing and bumping helplessly over the rough ground. The power which could hold an eland had proved singularly ineffectual against the extraordinary energy of even a half-grown rhinoceros. Without leverage Nyoka could not constrict; there remained no alternative but to abandon his hold on the quarry and beat a retreat. He flopped down well clear of the bushes, and immediately set his great body in motion towards the nearest cover.

Twiga had been terrified when her companion dashed past her crying for help; she followed him at her fast, ungainly run, wondering what dreadful enemy had attacked him in the gloom of the river-valley. And then suddenly, right before her, appeared the long, sinewy body of a great snake, trailing over the veld. In desperation she reared up and brought two enormous, splay hoofs down upon the python's middle. She weighed over a ton, her strength was that of two oxen: Nyoka's back was broken by that terrific impact, he rolled over and over to escape, struggling to coil his smashed body.

Kifaru, having scurried off into the lonely veld, found himself free and promptly scurried back. His first fright over, he was possessed by the reckless rage of his kind; he longed to vent his feelings on something and the writhing snake at once suggested itself as a target for his pugnacity. He stamped upon the scaly monster, deliberately and methodically, grunting and snorting with violence of his efforts, until the python was an unrecognisable mass of crushed flesh and broken sinews. Thus the young rhinoceros demonstrated the courage and ferocity of his breed, while the gentle giraffe stood wide-eyed and shivering in mute astonishment at her protégé's destructiveness.

The fight with the python seemed to draw them closer together. A mutual danger had been escaped by concerted action; deeds

had confirmed an unspecified pact; the rhino and the giraffe became still more satisfied with each other's company.

But Twiga began to crave the society of her friends; one day she turned her face to the north and struck out towards a big river of which the Sugaroi was a tributary. Kifaru, protesting at this interruption of his day-time sleep, went with her because it did not occur to him to oppose his wishes to those of the mature animal. They came down to the Nyiro where the old Arab slave-route crosses it, and along that thin, white path they dawdled, heading steadily northward into the thorny jungle between the N'gishishi and Isiolo.

Here Kifaru made contact with others of his kind. One evening he came upon an old cow rhino browsing in a clearing by the river. He smelt her some distance away and hastened joyfully up-wind, but he was within twenty yards of her before his short-sighted eyes made out the presence of a huge grey animal amongst the bushes. The cow raised her head to stare at him indifferently. Memories of his long-dead mother thronged his mind; he grunted with pleasure as he hurried forward to make friends with this female of his species.

There arose a terrific crashing and snorting amongst the bushes, and out from cover dashed a young bull who directed his red eyes upon Kifaru with malevolence as shocking as it was unexpected. The older bull exploded into challenging snorts, he dropped his armed head and charged the intruder with terrifying vigour. Kifaru did not wait to receive the onslaught, he turned tail and ran for his life back to where he had left Twiga. When the thunder of pursuit ceased and the war-like bull returned to accept the congratulations of his mate, Kifaru was intensely relieved: he realised that his own kind could be amongst the most dangerous of his enemies in this exceedingly hostile environment.

Twiga drifted on until she found a herd of her friends. There were a dozen of them; sleek, beautiful animals, under the direction of a huge, dark-dappled bull. They received her with voiceless amiability and they showed neither fear nor antagonism for the young bull rhinoceros who accompanied her. Kifaru had no disposition to desert his comrade now that she had found other friends; he lived in amity with the giraffes, finding this mode of life pleasant and safe. He was generally somewhere in the vicinity, sleeping under a near-by bush while they fed in the open, or moving freely among them when they browsed in the thorns under the tropic

moon. Awaking in the evening, he would take his drink at the nearest water and then drift off towards the giraffe herd, which might have moved a mile or two during the day. In these quests he was directed purely by intuition, he made no conscious selection of route, but, since his species preserve this peculiar attribute in the same degree of perfection as all other survivals of the prehistoric era, he was seldom at fault. When he found his friend, and her friends, he would feel content and settle down to the business of the night, which in his case was eating from astringent, thorny bush, or juicy cactus. Sometimes he lost the herd for days at a time, but then he wandered without haste in whichever direction he fancied, and always his footsteps led to an eventual reunion. At this time the giraffes favoured the bushy banks of the Nyiro River, and though they rambled far on occasion, yet always its cool waters and shady groves drew them, so that Kifaru's alliance was facilitated by this circumscription of terrain.

So through the peaceful, uneventful months Kifaru grew and developed until he reached his full growth as a ponderous, grey-coated beast, ugly of appearance, and uncertain of temper. Like all his race he preferred solitude: the joys of communal life were not for him; he slept enjoyably under the bushes by day and roamed the nyika at night, champing loudly at his feeding, careless in his strength who might hear him and resent his presence. There was no beast he feared, and the memory of man had grown dim. In his third year he mated with a young cow, and they kept company for a month or two, but their temperaments were unsuited to connubial bliss, and, in the manner of their kind, they soon drifted apart. But despite his morose, solitary habits, Kifaru always showed a partiality for the company of giraffe, and he never forgot Twiga. Periodically he encountered the herd of which she was a member, and then he would spend several nights in their company, standing near to his old friend as though he derived comfort from a communion of minds that had no outward expression. And Twiga would look down at his massive bulk from her graceful height as though marvelling at the change in his appearance from the memory of the little, frightened calf who had come to her for sympathy in his bereavement. She remembered him well enough, and she liked him none the less for his accession to the strength and dignity of a full-grown bull; they understood each other, having shared together the perils and uncertainties of existence in a cruel, unsympathetic world.

One night, when he had not seen his friend for a long time, Kifaru found her trail at the confluence of the Sugaroi and Nyiro rivers, whither he had wandered in his nomadic journeyings. His keen nose told him that Twiga had made the spoor, he followed it idly hoping to come up with her and spend the next day dozing in security, protected by the vigilance of the far-sighted giraffe. The trail led straight up the smaller river: a solitary trail—Twiga had left the herd once more.

Kifaru came to the bridge, and smelt wood smoke. There was a camp of men in that clearing where long ago his mother had been killed. The rhino gave it a wide berth; Twiga had gone far round to regain the river above, and Kifaru followed her spoor.

The people camped in the clearing were Huis and his men, at work on the bridge again: the structure had been damaged, and the man who built it sent to effect repairs. Huis had with him Udongo, the Kavirondo headman with whom he had quarrelled over the shooting of Twiga's calf. He had patched up that affair by a liberal donative, and since then the two of them had often engaged in profitable hunting ventures without being detected by the game spies. Huis had nearly finished his work on the bridge; he had determined when the last spike should be driven on the morrow to take a long day's outing up-river and see what sport the district afforded. Had he known that a cow giraffe and a bull rhinoceros were within a mile or two of his camp he would have been delighted.

Kifaru came on Twiga in one of the little glades which extended for miles along the river. She was drowsing in the midst of a lawn, under the spreading shadow of an acacia tree. Elsewhere the moonlight was bright; Twiga's head was amongst the branches, but she recognised her old friend directly he made his appearance. She watched with large, moist eyes as he approached and snorted at her. Then he retired into a thicket where she heard the noise of his busy champing: apparently he was satisfied to have found her, and to renew the old order of their companionship. Twiga was also well pleased, she liked to have this trusted friend within reach while she awaited her hour of trial in the dangerous world which was all the world she knew.

Kifaru roamed about, appeasing his hunger with roots and leaves. At dawn he went down to the water to slake his thirst, and on returning to the glade found a small, long-legged calf lying beside the giraffe. He drew near to contemplate this phenomenon,

staring with his weak eyes, puffing noisily in his surprise. Twiga interposed her considerable bulk between the rhino and her calf; she did not doubt her friend's intentions, but feared his clumsiness in contact with her frail, precious charge.

Kifaru withdrew in dignified indifference; if Twiga had a calf it was no concern of his; females with young were always suspicious that everything would harm them, but bull rhinoceroses wished evil to no creatures as long as they were not annoyed by them. Kifaru took up his position under a bush which had the clearing on its one side and the dense thicket, through which crept the breeze, on its other. Thus, protected by Twiga's watchfulness and his own nose, he composed himself to rest; his legs bent under him and he settled down like a horse, crouching in the dust. There a flock of green tick birds discovered him and were busy divesting his thick hide of parasites when they were disturbed by the passage of men through the bush.

Huis and Udongo were out hunting. They had found rhinospoor not far from the camp, and were now cautiously following it. The Dutchman knew that at this hour of the morning the beast he sought would probably be taking its day-time rest; he examined each bush closely as he neared it, but Kifaru's spoor led him wide of the thicket to the edge of the glade where Twiga suckled her newly born calf.

Tick birds fluttered, twittering shrilly, about Kifaru's ears. The rhinoceros heeded that insistent warning even in his sleep, he heaved the front half of his body erect, supporting himself on stiff-propped legs, sitting there listening.

Huis also heard the birds, but he caught sight of a parrot in the branches and thought the noise suitably explained. Nevertheless, he stared hard at the bushes, holding the rifle ready.

Udongo tapped his master on the shoulder, pointing eagerly. Through a screen of green boughs they looked across a sunlit glade and saw at its farther edge the dappled form of a big cow giraffe. Huis sank slowly on one knee and raised the rifle.

Kifaru rose on to his hind legs and stood with up-flung head inhaling the tainted air: the tick birds flew screaming away into the tree-tops. Memories of far-off days returned to the rhino, he felt again the alarm and the loneliness of his calfhood in this very spot; his nostrils were full of the disturbing odour of man as they had been when he fled from the terrifying ape-creatures. His memories were not exact, but they were frightening: he did not

reconstruct the past, but he felt the threat of it, he heard the call to war! Now he was no feeble, timid calf; he was a huge, powerful bull whose courage and prowess had been tested in battles with the most redoubtable wilderness fighters. Kifaru uttered his challenge: a terrific snort prolonged into a thunderous rumble; he crashed through the bushes as though they had been straw; at a swinging trot he launched his enormous bulk against the enemy.

'Ai—e! Angalia!' yelled Udongo, throwing himself wildly into cover as he saw the grey bulk approaching with ground-devouring speed. Huis's sights were aligned on the shoulder of the giraffe, his finger was crooking on the trigger, when he heard that desperate cry and the commotion of the rhino's charge. He swung himself and the weapon to face the danger.

As he knelt there, the onrushing bulk of the rhino, already within a few yards of him, seemed irresistible; his nerve failed him, he fired too hastily, and the bullet did no more than score a furrow along Kifaru's tough hide.

The rhino's head went down, he broke into a gallop and the bushes flattened to right and left out of his path. He had the enemy in view; he had received a wound; there was nothing would turn him but a mortal stroke, and that the man had neither time nor confidence to deliver. Huis screamed and ran.

The impact of the horn in his side was a painless push, like the blow of a bolster, but it hurled him out into the glade towards the tree through which he had been aiming at the giraffe. He did not think himself much hurt; he stretched out his hands to protect his face from contact with the tree, congratulating himself on a miraculous escape from severe injury. To his surprise his stiffened arms seemed powerless to check his progress: the smooth green trunk doubled them against his body; he crashed with terrific violence against the immovable object and the world vanished from his sight in a spurt of cold flame.

Udongo, prone under a bush, had seen with horror his master thrown like a sack of meal against the tree. He regarded the motionless figure, with its torn side and smashed face, in stupefied wonder.

In the distance the thud of the rhino's feet dwindled into silence; above the tops of the bushes a small head on the top of a mast-like neck receded into the nyika as Twiga followed the course of her friend and protector. Udongo crept forward to look at the body of Kifaru's enemy.

*PAUSE, LOVELY YEAR.*

PAUSE, lovely year,  
 And run not on so fast;  
 Already now the purple vetch is here,  
 And daffodils are past.

Now yellow blooms give place,  
 And swift come on the red;  
 Late on the hilltop blows the hyacinth,  
 And celandines are fled.

Oh stay  
 Here in thy trance of green; delay and harken,  
 Ere the first pink invade the curd-white may,  
 While leaves delay to darken.

So short a span of time hath everything  
 To wear its youngest face.  
 Deliberate winter and the lightfoot spring  
 Have brought thee to thy place,

Where longer days and longer days forget  
 Wellnigh to bow them to the night;  
 And gauzy twilights blue and dewy-wet  
 Last till the dawn is white.

Yet wilt thou on.  
 Ah, why?  
 For nought there is, which thou shalt gaze upon,  
 More fair than that thou passest by.

Thou, like a wanton mother, hast forsaken  
 Thine every child,—  
 From earliest catkins shaken  
 By the winds wild

To this thy red-tongued arum, which declines  
Meekly his varied banner unto death ;  
And yet thou runn'st to where dark Autumn shines,  
And Winter followeth.

Death only waits for thee,  
And thou dost run to greet him.  
Pause. Why so wilfully  
Go on to meet him ?

Ah, let me stay (for thou wilt not) and tell  
In a just inventory  
Each separate beauty, that becomes thee well,  
And yet is less than very nought to thee.

Still in their youngest green  
Stand the pale oaks among the brightening fir :  
For gentle rains have been  
Their nurse, and washed them clean  
Of pest and ravager ;

Yet olive-dark the tufts on burgeoned ash,  
And bryony shoots are pale ;  
The time is sunk in greenness, and doth rest  
Unhurt of fly or gale,—

But not for long.  
Soon will the saw-moth and the weevil come,  
And caterpillars green and blue and pied  
Gorge, and make wide  
Their jagged wounds on leaf of pear and plum ;

And later winds make white  
With drifted bloom the lanes,  
Or with curs'd spite  
Scatter the half-globed pear to rot in July rains.

Thou art too like us,—we who will not stay,  
But goad ourselves, and haste us to be great,  
Denying all that flowers upon our way  
For what of price and weight  
May lie in acclamation ;—we, who treasure  
Wisdom below success, joy below pleasure ;

Who weigh a man with deeds, though deeds are nought,  
And to more barren deeds would urge him on;  
While humble questioning and honest thought  
Go unregarded, wellnigh spat upon.

We are like dogs, that in a public road  
Chase their own tails, till death shall run them down;  
And him, that leaps the highest, most applaud,  
And with shrill yappings praise the witless clown.

Here will I sit, and of the humble moss  
Learn to be quiet;  
For it is green all year, and when trees toss,  
Heeds not their riot;

Nor crashes down, as they, when winds are loud;  
But gently as a growing cloud  
Spreads its undying colour, and upon  
Or earth or stone, all silently moves on.

ANTHONY FFETTYPLACE.

### GOOD REST.

ALL your far wanderings across the seas  
Have never brought you peace as peace rests here,  
Beneath the sunlit hills, with Severn near,  
Where cornfields murmur in the evening breeze.  
Around you stand the meadows and the trees  
Unchanged throughout the years: you held them dear—  
Your heritage—your England, without peer—  
But death, not life, has given to you these.

Sometimes in weariness of cities' strife  
Did your tired heart remember this fair West,  
Where quiet lay, and world's success seemed vain? . . .  
So might God wait His wayward sons, in life  
Forgiving them: at eventide their rest—  
Knowing His love would lead them home again.

K. O'NEILL-BAILEY.

*THE MARMOSET.*

BY JAMES BARRIE.

I HAD been staying with Manuel for some time. He had a beautiful house in Santa Cruz standing high up on the hill overlooking the bay. From my tall bedroom windows I could see the ships lying alongside the mole, and first thing every morning I would stand there and endeavour to take it all in. The sea was so blue and the sky was so clear, and even then the sun was hot; the white stone of a funny little graveyard lying among the banana plantations on the hill stood out vividly.

It was a lazy life: I would take a shower on the roof and lie in the sun until I was dry. I seldom met Manuel until about ten in the morning as, unlike me, he rose early and got through most of his work before breakfast. We would walk through his garden, and invariably we would find his man, Pedro, watering in the shady spots. I don't think I have ever seen a more beautiful garden. The flowers were amazingly beautiful, and what was so strange was that they grew irrespective of any season: hollyhocks grew next to tulips and roses and exotic tropical plants. The place was drunk with flowers.

Manuel was very fond of animals: he had a most eloquent and blasphemous parrot, hundreds of birds in an aviary at the bottom of the garden—most of which had been exported from the west coast of Africa—and two baby marmosets.

It was the marmosets that won my heart; they ran freely about the garden playing happily together. Everybody loved them, and several people had offered to buy one of them, but each time I dissuaded Manuel from parting them. It would be cruel, I told him; they would never live alone, they would break their hearts. But one day Manuel's love of money got the better of him and he sold the boy. I was out when he did it and only discovered what he had done when I saw a stranger leaving the house with the little chap in his arms. I was furious and rushed in to find Manuel and get an explanation from him.

'I am so sorry,' he said. He had had a letter to-day from a friend in England asking if he had a marmoset to sell, and then this afternoon he had had such a good price offered him for the

other one. 'So what could I do?' he said, lifting his fat little arms in the air.

It was hopeless arguing with him, and far too hot. I looked down at his big lazy body. 'Was the money good?'

He smiled greedily. 'I think so,' he said.

Feeling thoroughly disgusted, I walked out of the room into the garden to find the remaining marmoset crying her eyes out. They had put her on a chain now, and in her desperation she had got herself tied in a knot round a tree. I rushed up to her, released her and held her tenderly in my arms, doing my best to comfort her. I thought she would die, she cried so much.

After dinner we took coffee as usual on the verandah, and it was while we sat there silently smoking cigarettes that Manuel suggested that I should take the marmoset back with me, as I was leaving for London to-morrow. At first I would not consider the idea, but as I thought about it the more my heart opened to that poor lonely little creature. Besides, Manuel had been very kind to me during my holiday and it would be rather ungrateful to deny him this small favour in return. Yes, I would take the marmoset home with me.

We arranged that I should deliver her to her new master who would be waiting on the quayside at London.

I returned home by a small banana boat and there were only three other passengers. There was an old colonel going back to London after many years, and a sentimental young couple who had been spending their honeymoon in the Islands.

Manuel came aboard and had a drink with me before we sailed. He was quite upset about my leaving and his dark eyes filled with tears as we shook hands at the top of the gangway.

I had placed the marmoset on the washstand in my cabin, and, even from there I could hear her squealing. She had done this for the last twenty-four hours, ever since she had been parted from her mate, and already I had begun to regret the soft-hearted moment when I had consented to take her with me.

The ship was late getting away, and I stood on deck for some time watching the stevedores passing cases of bananas from hand to hand, resting frequently to drink deeply from the communal flasks. The little beggar boys rolled about in the dust on the quayside making funny faces at me until I threw them a silver coin. It was very hot and no one appeared in any hurry. The

captain and the first mate were the only people who showed any impatience at the delay.

But at last we did get under way, and within a few hours the great Peak had faded in the white clouds of the trade winds. The sea was calm and the little ship scarcely moved, but the marmoset went on squealing. I tried playing with her by poking my little finger through the bars of her cage; I peeled a banana and gave it to her; I gave her water, thinking this might soothe her; but she went on squealing. It was a pathetic noise, deep down, hopeless, as if she knew that her mate would never be returned to her. It upset me, and except for going in to see that she was all right, I kept away from her as much as possible, unable to bear the strain of it.

As I sat at dinner with the captain and the three other passengers I thought I could still hear her squealing, but it must have been my imagination as they could hear nothing. They asked about her and where I had got her. They came into my cabin to look at her, and the young honeymoon couple got down on their knees and made silly passionate remarks. The colonel with the red face said it was a damn shame that they should be parted and I told him that that had been my original opinion. The captain just smiled and said nothing.

I stayed up on deck late the first night. There was a moon and many stars, but there was not much sleep for me when I did go down to my cabin. The marmoset squealed all through the night. It was maddening; I could not attempt to sleep.

The fine weather continued the next day, and I made up for some of my loss of sleep by dozing on my back on one of the hatches. Luckily none of the other passengers could hear the marmoset, as their cabins were well away from mine. I began to wonder how long this was going to continue, when, to my relief, I found the marmoset asleep. At first I thought she was dead, she lay so still, but when I opened the cage I could see her tired breathing. I crept out of the cabin, afraid lest I should disturb her and start that dreadful noise again.

That evening I had a good meal, feeling that my trouble was over. I supposed I looked happier because everyone remarked on the sudden change in me. I went to bed early, tired out. I must have been asleep for some time when I was awakened by the unusual movements of the ship. She was pitching heavily and I could hear the wind whining outside; but above the wind came the noise of the marmoset again. Infuriated by all this new disturbance

I switched on the light over my bunk and saw the poor little creature clinging desperately to the wires of her cage, and as I looked at her misery I became conscious of a certain misery that was creeping over me. I began to feel very sick; my hands and head were wet with sweat and my heart was thumping; my head ached. I lay back on the pillow and closed my eyes.

The noise from the marmoset was not so loud now but far more agonised. She lay in the bottom of her cage and let out a steady sob. It was more than I could stand. I switched on the light again and had another look at her. Looking at the miserable little thing I decided that I had had enough of this. By a sudden impulse, I reached for my walking-stick, which lay along the rack above the bunk, and brought it down on the top of the cage. The noise stopped. The stillness after so much of it was terrifying. The wind, the noise of the storm, everything was quiet after that perpetual squealing. I lay on my elbow looking at the smashed cage, and I could not understand what I had done. The marmoset must be dead, she lay so still. I was horrified, I had killed her. Unconsciously I slipped out of the bunk and picked up what remained of the cage. It took some time to get her out as the door was smashed up, but at last I managed. She was warm in my hands; she was not dead after all. I was nearly crying with relief. It was quite light now and I saw her tiny eyes open and look at me. I put on some clothes and wrapped her in the warmth of my bed. She was going to live; she must live; I would see to that, because I had nearly killed her.

I nursed her all through the next day and she very nearly died, but as the weather improved so did her health, and on the fourth day out she was well enough to come on deck with me. All the other passengers had been too seasick to notice what must have seemed to them an absurd attention to a marmoset.

As we struggled through the Bay of Biscay the sea moderated, but it was still rough, and except for the officers and men I had the ship to myself. In my anxiety for the marmoset I forgot about my own sickness. As she got better she showed no more signs of loneliness and never squealed. She had settled down now and had attached herself to me. I, too, had grown very fond of her in the last day or so. Besides, she was my only companion; she never left me, clinging to my shoulder wherever I went. She even came down to the saloon to meals with me. The captain was the only other person there and he did not mind. He got

through his meals with the usual silence, giving me a reassuring smile as he went up on to the bridge again.

As we drew nearer to London it occurred to me how sorry I would be to part with my pet, but I threw this thought aside, persuading myself that she had been a great trouble and that even if I had now grown attached to her I would soon forget about her. And, as if guessing my thoughts, she bit my ear.

The rest of the voyage passed very quickly, and on our last day, as we were steaming down channel, the mate brought me her cage which I had given him to repair. He grinned very broadly when I tipped him and made some remark about how lucky I was to possess such a sweet little pet. I didn't tell him she was not mine. He had made a good job of the cage and had even polished up its brass rails so that it looked like new. I looked at it, sadly remembering that dreadful night. I looked at it again to see if it bore any marks of my act. I was glad it didn't.

It was raining hard when I woke up and found the ship already tied up alongside the quay in London. The Customs officials made a great fuss of the animal, standing in a group discussing it and asking me countless questions, giving me papers to sign. I thought they would never let me alone. It seemed so absurd when the marmoset was not mine. She remained quite passive to all this new attention, sitting on the top of her cage scratching herself.

I was free to go ashore at last, standing on deck with my bags round me searching for the man who had come to collect my marmoset. I could not see him, but it was not for me to see him but for him to see me—the man with the cage. I looked down and saw her sitting in her cage blinking up curiously at me, looking rather miserable, no doubt wondering what all this was about. And then it dawned on me. I snatched up the cage and took the marmoset out and carefully put her in my breast pocket. She did not mind, but snuggled in there happily. Then, calling a porter to follow me with my bags, I strolled down the gangway holding the empty cage in my hand.

From among the crowd of stevedores I saw a little man in a bowler hat and pince-nez glasses coming towards me. He raised his bowler hat and smiled awkwardly. He was obviously the man. 'The marmoset?' he stammered, pointing to the empty cage.

It was my turn to smile. 'Dead,' I told him. 'Couldn't stand the voyage. Should never have been parted from her mate. I told Manuel so. I'm sorry.'

# THE WEE BA'.

BY A. E. COOPER.

IN the voluminous literature of the greatest of games there is no convincing story about its origin.

Millions of golfers on both sides of the Equator and the meridian of Greenwich, some with raised glasses in smoke-rooms, some with raised niblicks in bunkers, have wondered who started the wee ba' game, and even the Rules of Golf Committee, adept in answering conundrums, has never said a casual word to satisfy or soothe them.

Now, at last, research has revealed the secret. The pioneers of golf were two Scotsmen. But whether Alastair MacAlastair or his son, Sandy MacAlastair, has the better right to be canonised is a matter of controversy. Nor do the archives, so far discovered, make clear how much the popularity of golf was and is due to a certain Scottish Laird, to his doughty rival the Archbishop, or to the most remarkable of all championships held at St. Andrews.

Away back in the dark ages before the invention of the wee ba', Alastair MacAlastair was a 'herd laddie' on an estate in the Kingdom of Fife that had belonged to the family of the national wizard, Sir Michael MacDivot. Like other herd laddies of that time—who might be of any age between nine and ninety—Alastair was, had been and continued to be for years in the prime of life.

A strong, dour man with a red, shaggy beard, he carried a shepherd's stick or crook for his job, and when the cows were blinking contentedly he used the stick to swish the heads off the thistles that grew in the fields on the edge of Tents Moor, a few miles north of St. Andrews. There he developed a perfect swing, balance and rhythm.

One never-to-be-forgotten day a crumpled horn fell off a crumpled cow. Alastair cut the horn into pieces. A large rounded piece dropped on a tuft of grass. Alastair looked at it. He looked at his stick. He picked up the stick and stood over the piece of crumpled horn temptingly poised—inviting a blow that might echo down the centuries. He was standing on the world's first tee.

Alastair MacAlastair braced up his body. Automatically his feet manœuvred themselves into a square stance. Gripping the

stick firmly in his powerful palms, wagging it a little, he hit the piece of crumpled horn over the Moor to the seashore.

That was a crucial moment in the story of golf and civilization—a moment inexplicably ignored by Darwin and others in describing man's progress on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. The question that cannot yet be settled is this—how did Alastair MacAlastair react to that shot?

As he stood there, his red, shaggy beard slightly mixed with the stick over his left shoulder, a light that never was on land or sea in his eyes, as he watched the piece of crumpled horn flying shorewards, a wanton beauty in its strange trajectory, did he or did he not visualise anything of the future, of the golf links now ornamenting the earth from Spitzbergen to Tierra del Fuego? Or did his observant, gypsy-looking son Sandy, a spectator of that first drive, really follow it through? The authorities do not agree. At all events golf was then born.

Nevertheless, Alastair MacAlastair and Sandy MacAlastair might have spent years playing the game without benefit to themselves or anybody else if the 'quality' had not taken it up. The sporting Laird of that district, while wandering round the Moor with his gun, saw Alastair bang a ball a tremendous distance into a bunch of seagulls. Completely fascinated, and forgetting his long line of ancestors, the Laird proceeded to lay the foundations of the new democracy that was destined to cover the earth.

'Alastair,' he said, 'you're a mighty graund man wi' that stick. Let me hae a gouf.' (A gouf was Scots for a whack or hit.)

Squaring his broad shoulders, the Laird took the stick, swung it, and hit the air a violent blow. He glowered at the perky ball and flung off his coat. He swung the stick again, and again he goufed the air.

'Alastair,' said the Laird, who was also an Admiral, 'this is a damned fine game. Let me see hoo ye play it.'

So golf's first pupil became golf's enthusiastic disciple—a happy omen for unborn generations.

This is another acute stage in the Alastair *v.* Sandy controversy. When the Laird set out for his ancestral home in the woods behind the village of Ferry-Port-on-Craig, ecstatically swinging a golf stick, Alastair was staring at the penny that had been put in his hand. But Sandy's eyes were on it, too.

'By St. Andrew,' said either Alastair or Sandy, 'there's money in this game.'

That historic remark started professional golf in Scotland.

The First Finance Committee in connection with golf was formed the same night. It came into existence spontaneously in the turf hut of the MacAlastairs, on land known as the Cannie Pairt, after Mrs. MacAlastair had gone to bed. Father and son sat in an angle neuk by the glow of a peat fire at midnight.

'The Laird'll be bringin' some o' his freends doon to the Moor,' said the more alert half of the Committee.

'Ay,' said Alastair.

'An' they'll want to learn hoo to play gouf.'

'Ay.'

'We'll chaarge them for lessons,' said Sandy sturdily. 'And, faither, we'll hae to get a tin box wi' a lock on it to put *our* money in.'

'We will an' a', agreed Alastair. 'An' we'll keep it oot o' sicht o' yer mither.'

The Laird soon brought his friends to the Moor. Out for length rather than direction, they lost many balls in the windlestrae, and it was essential that more and more cows should have crumpled horns. And they had.

Alastair was uneasy about that part of the scheme.

'What'll the Laird say when he kens?' he asked Sandy.

Sandy laughed. 'The Laird's nae fool, faither,' he said. 'Try him.'

Alastair tried him.

'Crumpled horns!' exclaimed the Laird, exuberant after a fine drive. 'Ye're no runnin' short o' them, Alastair, are ye? Gad-zooks, man, a' the coos must grow crumpled horns. We'll buy them and breed them for their crumpled horns. Sell the beasts that dinna grow them. By the whiskers of Neptune we must have crumpled horns.'

The Laird was thus the first golfer to say to business, 'Get thee behind me, Mammon.' No doubting Thomas he. Radiant son of the morning, he promptly saw and amply proved that life without golf is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

But the immortality of the game owes a great deal to a revolutionary idea of Sandy MacAlastair. The shore, he told his father, was 'ower big a target.' They should 'mak' holes in the sand a hunder or twa yairds apairt an' coont the shots.'

Alastair stared at his son in admiration. 'Sandy,' said he, 'Ye've mair brains than yer mither.'

So a course, rough and ready, was laid out on Tents Moor and the Laird and his friends took on a fresh lease of golf. Meanwhile, by manufacturing golf balls out of melted hooves, feathers, rabbit skins and cow hides, Sandy contrived to get a valuable option on the future.

Some investigators of that memorable period in the evolution of man assert that the origin of the Royal and Ancient, and all it means to modern civilization, can be found in the meetings on Tents Moor of the Laird and other members of the quality, including the Archbishop of St. Andrews, whose conversion to golf was thorough and beyond redemption.

After mastering the rudiments of the game in the stern school of Tents Moor, the Archbishop lost no time in reducing his diocesan duties with the object of reducing his handicap at St. Andrews. Obviously he had the stuff of the golfer in him.

His virtues, however, were accompanied by one notable defect. A valiant trencherman and a connoisseur of vintages, he had grown to outsize round the middle. Golf did not decrease his appetite or his circumference. His paunch persisted, and in case golfers of to-day may think that the Archbishop's paunch is an item merely of antiquarian significance, let it be said here and now that it has been and is a vital factor in the game of games everywhere. More than anything else it has affected the lives of golfers and the prosperity of golf clubs. That a golf course should have eighteen holes was decreed by the paunch of the Archbishop of St. Andrews.

Forestalling the documents that may be discovered in the ruins of St. Andrews, I give the most circumstantial account available of the inception of that decree. In his eagerness to make full use of the God-given land now known as the Old Course, the Archbishop released members of his staff from their duties and ordered them to arrange holes in a zigzag fashion from the east side of the Swilken burn to the river Eden and back again. They did that and the holes numbered twenty-two.

Experience proved to the Archbishop that the time taken to go round this course was too long. About half an hour before he finished, his paunch had gnawing pains and his golf went to pieces. Carefully ruminating on his condition, he calculated that if the number of holes was decreased to eighteen he would be fit for the lot and internally well adjusted for the nineteenth. And it was so. And so it is to this day on the golf courses of the world. We and they

are all nicely adjusted. Fortunately for posterity the Archbishop was not a teetotaler or a vegetarian.

The fame of St. Andrews spread throughout the country and made it the headquarters of golf. This was not due so much to the superb nature of the links as to the sporting rivalry of the Laird and the Archbishop which brought the wigs on the green. It was their struggle for the championship and the enthusiasm then created that really determined the enthronement of St. Andrews as the centre of civilisation.

In the championship the Archbishop appeared as the challenger. The Laird had incited him. On one of his visits to St. Andrews the Laird saw the Archbishop 'howking' in the Swilken burn.

'What are ye daein' in there, Arch?' he shouted.

'Fishing,' said the Archbishop.

'Ach! Ye should try gouf for a change,' said the Laird.

'I could beat you here any day.'

'In the burn, yes.'

'On the links.'

'Mak' it a do,' said the Laird.

And a do or bargain it was made.

The Laird prepared seriously for the championship. He leased a house near the links and played each day with either Alastair or Sandy MacAlastair.

The evening before the great event the inhabitants of St. Andrews were surprised to see a man-of-war drop anchor near the shore. Some of the Laird's former shipmates, they thought, intended to be present at the match. And, sure enough, next morning two boat-loads of sailors, led by two officers, joined the crowd.

It was a motley gathering. Lusty pipers had paraded the streets, filling the air of the old, grey city with the national music's vibrant sounds, sending them penetratively whirling and skirling into the remotest recesses of abbey and castle, bringing to the links in triumphant march most of the population of St. Andrew's—priests, seneschals, servitors, soldiers, foresters, farmers, hinds, fishermen, shopkeepers, the women folk, lads and lasses and nearly every bairn that could toddle. Clusters of the quality from all round the countryside swelled the throng.

Both Laird and Archbishop donned a special garb for the occasion—a double-breasted, red cloth coat with black velvet collars and cuffs, six large buttons on each side of the coat, and two smaller buttons on each cuff. Knee breeches were worn and woollen hose.

As for head coverings, the would-be champions braved the freshening east wind with their silvery locks.

No records of the incidents in the first half of that match have yet been traced. Certain it is that at the turn the game was all square, each player having taken approximately seventy-nine shots. The second half provided the stop-press news.

As the Laird and the Archbishop walked towards the tenth tee there was a commotion in the crowd. Somebody was drowning in the Eden. A sailor!

Suspiciously the Archbishop looked at the Laird and at the man-of-war.

'You stay here, Arch, and rest,' said the Laird. 'You've a bit mair weicht to carry than me. I'll have to see to the rescue o' this sailor fellow.'

'All right,' said the Archbishop in a toneless voice. 'Be as quick as you can.'

'I'll dae my best,' said the Laird, and away he went, chuckling.

But it was a new Archbishop who faced the Laird half an hour later, when the 'rescue' was over—a cheerful and confident antagonist, full of energy and fight. Wile had met wile. The likelihood of some trick by the Laird to waste time had been expected. During the rescue period the Archbishop had fortified himself and his paunch for the protracted struggle with a bottle of wine.

Homeward bound, the Archbishop played like a man possessed. He could not make a mistake. Everything came off for him and nothing for the Laird. The Archbishop's ball would stop short of a bunker or run over it and the Laird's would roll in. On the greens this luck continued. The odd inch was on the side of the kirk.

All that he knew did the Laird put into his shots. Never in his life had he played better, but fate was against him. He lost three holes out of five.

At the fifteenth the wind, dead ahead, blew in stronger gusts. Driving, the Archbishop swayed and his ball went high in the air, carrying only about fifty yards.

'Now's the time,' said the Laird, as he went to Sandy Mac-Alastair and selected a special ball. Sandy grinned and Alastair smiled.

The ball whizzed off the tee at a fine speed, rising only a few feet from the ground. In the teeth of half a gale it was a master stroke. The crowd yelled its praise and astonishment. The Arch-

bishop was troubled. He knocked his next shot into a bunker. He reached the green in nine to the Laird's four.

The cheerful figure on the sixteenth tee was the Laird's. Another long, low drive down the middle added to the excitement of the crowd and the unsettling of the Archbishop. Again the drive really won the hole. One down and two to go.

At the seventeenth the Archbishop, after several practice swings, tried to drive low like the Laird. He sliced the ball, and desperately adopting different styles, went from fozzle to fozzle. All square and one to go.

Applause from the crowd generally and stentorian roars from the sailors announced that the Laird's drive at the last hole was another 'screamer.' The ball still defied the wind and the laws of storms.

Up to the highest pitch of endeavour the Archbishop keyed himself. His drive, short of the Laird's, was good and straight. He strode on, the image of resolution.

Alas! into the championship at this point there entered that elusive but inexorable influence which has since cast its spell over millions of matches. Subconsciousness performed its first major operation.

The subconscious soul of the Archbishop led him to his doom. Playing his second shot, he saw, as through a glass darkly, the Laird chaffing him for howking in the Swilken burn. He vowed to himself that he would not hit the ball into the Swilken, and into the Swilken he hit it. The ball had to be played where it lay. The Laird, over in two, was in no philanthropic mood. Rules were rules.

The Archbishop lowered himself into the Swilken. He lowered his head. Was he keeping his eye on the ball, or, peradventure, offering up a petition? Only a miracle could save him. Splash! No sign of a miracle. Perhaps his faith had faltered. Splash again. The waters of the Swilken did not emulate the waters of the Red Sea. With a sigh, and a rumbling noise in the region of the midriff, the Archbishop held up his hands and the Laird landed him on the bank.

'We've had a bonnie feicht,' said the Laird. 'An' now I'll mak' you a presentation—the ba' that won the championship.'

It was a heavy ball. The Archbishop examined it closely. Through a small slit in the cover he saw embedded amongst feathers several flattened gun shot pellets.

'Better than wine in a wind, Arch,' said the Laird.

By that championship St. Andrews set its seal on golf and golf its seal on St. Andrews. Realising that Scotland was in the premonitory throes of a Reformation, and thinking more of the good of the human race than of his own interests, the Laird arranged that the MacAlastairs should live in the city. No step could have been more approved by the quality or more acclaimed by the public. Alastair MacAlastair and Sandy MacAlastair were the unquestionable masters of golf. No one came within a Scots mile of challenging their supremacy.

Hereabouts in the misty background of the story looms the furtive figure of the most promising pupil of the MacAlastairs, an army officer. Apart from the amazing skill and steadiness which he developed, the only thing I have discovered about this mysterious person is his name. He was called Colonel Bogey.

And now, lastly, a fact, sinister to some people and inspiring to others, must be told about the MacAlastairs. They deliberately complicated golf for financial reasons. Soon after their arrival at St. Andrews, Alastair and Sandy were playing two of the quality, one of whom sliced a shot badly.

'What was wrang wi' me i' the noo?' he asked.

Alastair was about to say that he hadn't swiped the ball and followed through properly when what he later described as a daft idea came into his head.

'Yer big tae was pintin' at the Bell Rock instead o' the Castle,' he said.

'Which big tae?' asked the player, astonished at Alastair's keen analysis.

Alastair stared. The man was actually serious. Sandy took possession of the situation.

'The yin on yer left fut,' he replied.

The Finance Committee met as soon as the game was finished.

'Faither,' said Sandy, 'if there's money in makin' goufers, there's a fortune in makin' theories.'

From that humble and impromptu origin emerged the countless theories which now clutter the noblest of games. Is it fair to blame the MacAlastairs? They were Scotsmen and the harvest was ripe for the reapers.

'Watch faither,' the initial, unsophisticated theory worked satisfactorily. But the success of the big-toe theory, resulting in the purchase of a new tin box, led to other theories, so that modern

professionals now exploit theories about inside out, slow back, eye on the ball, head steady, straight left arm, right shoulder up and right shoulder down, theories about the backbone, the chin, the hips, the knees, the feet, the elbows, the wrists, the hands, the fingers, the thumbs and so on *ad infinitum* and *nil desperandum*.

In short, the MacAlastair joke, which many Englishmen have not the wit to see, has gone too far. But if you advise golfers to forget theories and simply swipe the ball as Alastair MacAlastair swiped it on Tents Moor, to the edification of the Laird and the glory of the world that was to be, they look upon you as a feeble-minded person. Whereas, and in that respect——?

Well, here's to Alastair and Sandy, the Laird and the Archbishop. May we play golf with them on the Elysian Fields.

#### EVENSONG : MAGDALEN CLOISTERS.

THEY say imagination sculptured stones  
And wrought these antique figures long ago,  
And that this silhouette of God atones  
For all pedantic things, for deathly slow  
Learning that shuffles lame across the ground  
And smears the sky ; and that one tall straight tower  
Can with its chimes beat back their hollower sound,  
Guard the sanctity of this place one hour.

In the enchantment of these tangled spires  
Men built a meeting-place for earth and heaven,  
Whose quiet stones whisper the old desires  
To these new generations, here, where even  
Dawn cannot shrink their precious world's new size,  
Nor professorial wisdom analyse.

MICHAEL SHELDON.

Magdalen College,  
Oxford.

## OWL OF BLACK ROCK.

BY F. G. TURNBULL.

THIS is the story of a feud—a feud between a man and a bird : between Rob Dewar, the keeper, and Quedaer, the she-owl, the Owl of the Black Rock.

Although the feud was fought to a finish—and it lasted three years—those of us who know the story and who knew the characters, have not yet been able to decide to our mutual satisfaction which of the contestants could be declared the winner. Each had an end in view, and each attained it. Yet some say that the man won, and some say that the owl won.

I might as well admit here that I give the verdict unreservedly to the owl, perhaps because she was a friend of mine. You see, I have access to the moors at all times, and I met Quedaer frequently ; she knew me as well as I knew her. But your opinion may differ from mine when you, too, know the story. One point, though, I would ask you to remember, and it is this : *owls mate for life*.

Very well, then—Dewar, a tall sandy-haired individual, with eyes intensely blue, was headkeeper on Dalnean estate. He had twenty thousand acres of mountain and grouse moor in his charge, and with the characteristic thoroughness of his race, in this respect at any rate, he exterminated every preying bird and beast he could find on Dalnean.

The greatest indignity he ever suffered was when he had to walk the moors with Ronald Lealand, his employer's nephew and an enthusiastic falconer, who came North on vacation each Christmas, bringing a peregrine. The sight of the falcon waiting on its 'pitch' never failed to rouse the keeper's wrath ; he longed to lift his gun and blow the bird out of the sky.

But if he viewed Lealand's activities with thinly veiled disapproval, his attitude toward old Lady Gaut was one of open hostility. He positively hated her. She, the last of her line, and a withered, unhappy old soul, although living in abject poverty, refused to part with the remnant of her family estate. This consisted of two hundred acres of boulder-strewn heath and woodland, with a tiny cottage at one corner where her Ladyship lived alone, an embittered recluse.

The actual trouble was that this Gaut property cut like a wedge into the Dalnean estate, and it provided sanctuary for a varied

assortment of vermin that raided Dewar's moors constantly. Stoats, weasels, and crows were there in numbers, but worse than they were two peregrine falcons that nested on Black Rock, a great semicircular crag ninety feet in height, with sheer black walls that nothing on earth could scale.

But, infinitely worse, in Dewar's opinion, than the peregrines, were a pair of tawny owls—Quedaer and her mate, who had dwelt for many years among the firs. For sheer, wholesale destruction they could not be equalled. Where one grouse—an adult—sufficed to supply a meal for the falcon's family, the owls, who dealt in young birds mainly, required four for theirs.

Once, in blind fury after witnessing the extinction of an entire brood of grouse chicks, Dewar crossed the march and went into the trees after the owls, and came face to face with her flaming Ladyship. She lashed the man to metaphorical rags with her tongue, then summoned him for poaching. So Dewar did not trespass again.

I think the strange old woman loved those owls and other birds. They were her own, you see, all she had left beside her rocks and trees. But, ultimately, for the sake of getting something to eat, she was forced to offer her property for sale, reserving the cottage only. Dewar's employer called on her to make an offer, but she banged the door in his face. Then, by arrangement, a total stranger arrived, secured the property, and immediately re-sold it to the owner of Dalnean, thus straightening out the indented boundary.

Lady Gaut had always been a trifle eccentric, and when she discovered the deception she seemed to lose control completely. For days I saw her roaming among the trees, screaming and shouting and waving her arms, with intervals of quiet weeping, her clothes grimy and torn, her thin grey hair dishevelled and unkempt. Thereafter she retired to her cottage, and I was the only one in the district to whom she would talk at all.

And now Dewar, with a free hand over what he called 'Gaut's Jungle,' got to work. He shot the hen peregrine on her nest, waited awhile until the cock returned with food, then shot him too. An old red fox who lived here seemed to sense danger, and promptly cleared out. Stoats, weasels, kestrels, crows, and a polecat that had come from heaven knows where—and all friends of mine, by the way—were ruthlessly trapped, poisoned, or shot.

But, despite the most prolonged and exhaustive search, Dewar could not locate either the owls or their nest. Where the brown hunters learned to discriminate between those humans who were

dangerous and those who were not, I do not pretend to know ; but it seemed within their power to do so. I saw them often enough ; as a matter of fact I knew their nest ; there were four eggs in it ; and the birds did not seem to mind in the least when I climbed up their Douglas fir to see how their domestic affairs were progressing. Of course, I had done this every spring for years back. But if the keeper was about, the owls vanished and remained concealed in a way that was uncanny. And since they appeared to have every confidence in me, I did not betray their trust. Moreover, Dewar never asked me what I knew of the owls ; he knew perfectly well that I wouldn't tell him.

However, the foresters soon came on the scene and began felling trees. Drainers, too, arrived, to cut channels that would drain the marshy places. And Dewar now haunted the vicinity, wandering about all day with his gun, looking for owls. I met him occasionally, and once I suggested that he should leave the birds alone, since, being wood owls, they would migrate to some distant part when all the trees were down. But the keeper would not hear of it, and he continued his search, intent on slaughter.

So far as Lady Gaut was concerned, I acted in the capacity of war-correspondent, or tale-bearer. Each time I passed by her cottage, she would call me back and, with only her nose round the corner of the door, ask if the owls had yet been shot. My oft-repeated ' No ' was always followed by the immediate closing of the door to the accompaniment of a wild, insane cackle of laughter ; and I am quite sure that she regarded the owls as her representatives and champions, upholding her moral, if not her legal, right to the ground whereon they ranged.

Then the trouble really started when, in the vicinity of the Douglas fir, two of the foresters saw the big, round eyes of the cock owl watching them from a hole high up in the trunk. The hen was on her nest in a hole a little lower down.

One of the men immediately strode off, returning presently with the keeper, to whom he pointed out the owls' retreat. Dewar looked up at the holes with an expression of grim satisfaction. He stepped back a short way, opened the breech of his gun to make quite certain that it was loaded, then snicked up the hammers. Nodding to the forester, he said :

' Gie the tree a bit crack wi' yer aix.'

The forester swung the blunt face at the trunk. The response was immediate. Out of the topmost hole the tawny cock shot, to

dive straight at the forester with its curving talons outstretched. The man swung his axe at the owl in self-defence, and the keen edge shore through the bird's wing, close to its body, cutting the pinion clean off.

The bird dropped and fastened its talons in the forester's ankle. Again the man swung his axe, a vicious blow, and the owl was knocked spinning from its hold. For some moments it lay writhing, beating and fluttering its only pinion, then it subsided, quivered, and lay still. Thereupon the forester drew back his foot and kicked the limp and bloody body from sight in the undergrowth.

At that instant, Quedaer, the she-owl, having witnessed the terrible fate of her gallant spouse, came swiftly but silently from the nest-hole. None of the men heard her swoop. But the foresters wheeled suddenly when the keeper uttered a cry of alarm and agony as the owl clashed her curving hooks into his face and folded her wide, mottled wings round his head.

Dewar dropped his gun, tore the infuriated bird from her hold and flung her savagely from him. Then he clasped his hands to his face and sank to his knees with blood trickling between his fingers. As the owl beat softly away across the heather, the other men bent over the keeper. One of them pulled his hands away, revealing Dewar's features contorted with pain, and something else beside.

The forester drew back with a look of horror, and turned to his mate. 'Great God!' he exclaimed; 'that blasted bird has blinded him!'

Despite the severe nature of his injury, the surgeons succeeded in saving the sight of one of Rob Dewar's eyes. But it was a long, wearisome job, and many weeks elapsed before the keeper returned to Dalnean and resumed his duties. And in the interval he had sworn a mighty oath of vengeance: that he would slay without mercy every owl, whether they were large or small, Horned or Barn, Snowy or Tawny, wherever, however, and whenever he should find them.

His outstanding regret, one that rankled fiercely, was that he would doubtless be denied the pleasure of blowing to infinitesimal rags the one owl that above all others he longed to kill—that savage, dangerous she-devil, Quedaer. This because Tawny owls cling to woodland, and desert their home when its trees are felled.

And every tree had been dragged from the old Gaut ground

when he visited it again. Two drainers, however, were still at work, and when Dewar mentioned in the course of conversation with them, that nothing could afford him more gratification than the shooting of Quedaer, he concluded with the complaint :

‘ But I’ll no’ likely see her again.’

‘ How no’ ? ’ said a drainer ; ‘ she’s aye here.’

‘ She’s what ? ’ exclaimed Dewar incredulously.

‘ Och, there’s nae doot aboot it,’ asserted the drainer. ‘ Look yonder.’

The man pointed to the top of the Black Rock, not far away. On the flat crown of the beetling mass, sticking up like a long-weathered bone, stood a solitary, wind-blasted larch trunk, stunted and gnarled. It had been dead for goodness knows how many years, and only the ashen-grey pole now stood, a bleached skeleton, with short spikes sticking out where boughs once writhed in the nor-east gales.

And now, just visible above the rim of the crag, a hunched brown object perched on one of the spikes. Dewar’s eyes glistened as he eyed Quedaer. But the range was too long for the shot-gun he carried, and if he moved any nearer the edge of the rock would intervene.

The keeper strode away, and I was talking with the drainers when he returned with a rifle. I knew that Dewar was a magnificent shot, but I doubted whether even he could drop the owl at so great a distance. I lay in the heather beside him and watched while he set the rear sight to a couple of hundred yards and settled down to business.

A puff of cordite smoke leapt from the rifle muzzle, the report went spanging away to awake the echoes in the glens, and the owl dropped like a stone. We waited, but she did not reappear, and I couldn’t help congratulating the elated keeper on his astounding shot. Then I strode away over the moors.

When I returned at dusk, Quedaer was perched on the roof of Lady Gaut’s cottage. I thought I was seeing a ghost, but it wasn’t a ghost that killed the pair of old grouse whose tattered remains Dewar found in the heath in the morning.

I studied the larch next day through binoculars, and noted that the spike whereon the owl had perched was missing—snicked off by the bullet. Still, it was a capital shot, but one not likely to be repeated, since the owl chose as her new perch the next spike lower down. And to get a view of her at all, one had to retreat to a point nearly four hundred yards from the rock, and even Dewar could do nothing at that range.

Lady Gaut, by the way, was tickled to death over this; it pleased her nearly as much as the result of the owl's attack on the keeper. Moreover, she made me promise always to keep her informed of the progress of events. Thus I had to tell her when Dewar laid out the remains of the grouse after he had doctored them with strychnine.

That evening, just on the edge of night, I went up to the Black Rock. And the grouse had vanished—both of them. I wondered if the owl had taken them and so committed suicide. But a minute later I got a whiff of the smoke from the chimney of Lady Gaut's cottage. It had the rank odour of burning feathers, and I knew that Quedaer was safe. This saved me a bit of trouble, for I had come to remove the grouse myself. Shooting I could stand, it is quick and clean; but poisoning is a terrible death, and if Quedaer had to die, I meant to see to it that she passed out swiftly.

Dewar was dumbfounded when he saw that the grouse were missing and that the owl survived. He asked me if I had ever heard of an owl that was proof against strychnine. I admitted that this one seemed to be, though I did not mention that Lady Gaut had functioned as the anti-toxin.

Anyway, he put down another grouse, undoped, this time, on a piece of turf that he laid on a boulder. The turf concealed a trap. I did not know about this, but it did not matter, because the old red fox came along in the night and went home to his den with the grouse in his fangs and the trap on his paw. Although it has nothing to do with this story, I might as well add that I found the trap a day or two later. The paw was still in it, but the rest of the fox was absent.

After this, Dewar tried firing stones from a catapult up from the base and over the rim of the rock. This put the owl out of the tree all right, but as she always flew off in the other direction the keeper got no opportunity to use his gun. Consequently he brought an assistant to fire the stones while he himself waited in ambush under the owl's usual line of retreat at the other side. But for some obscure reason the bird refused to be flushed when two men came to the rock. And, since it was wildly improbable that a direct and damaging hit could be scored with the catapult, this method was abandoned.

I soon began to wonder if some uncanny influence was at work on behalf of Quedaer. Considering the means, some of them remarkably ingenious, that Dewar employed to bring about the

owl's downfall, she should not have lasted many weeks. The keeper even made a tour of inspection to see if there could be any hitherto unsuspected way of scaling that ominous crag. But his quest was hopeless.

From my point of view, and that of several others, including Dewar, the most mysterious aspect of the business was the owl's grim determination to stick to her old domain, despite its lack of trees. Another interesting feature of her behaviour was that she hunted a great deal during the daytime as well as at night.

We could have understood it had she been left with a nestful of youngsters, but, so far as we could discover, there was no tie that could bind her in the face of the ever-imminent extinction to that gloomy rock and its bleak surroundings. The only living creature I knew, other than myself, of course, who bore that bird any kindly feeling, was that crazy old woman, Lady Gaut. I wondered—could there be any bond between the woman and . . . oh, but the thought was fantastic. I was beginning to imagine things. Hang it all, this would never do. Yet I failed to dispel entirely a queer eeriness that possessed me.

But if any sinister influence, any hoodoo or other ghostly manifestation *was* at work, it worked exceedingly long and well, and I can thus pass quickly over the next two and a half years. During that period, Dewar never forgot his mission of vengeance. He regularly contrived and put into practice new methods calculated to destroy his enemy. I never knew anyone who could nurse a grudge so long. But Quedaer still perched on the skeleton larch of Black Rock.

So we come to the beginning of the third winter—the worst I have ever known in the hills. By this time Lady Gaut seemed to have reached the end of her resources. I do not know how much she received for her land, probably very little; but, as I say, her state was now appalling. She was unbelievably filthy and haggard, completely mad, and living in incredible squalor. I was sure she was starving to death. My wife suggested that I should take her some food; but I doubted very much whether she would accept it. Despite her wretched condition, she still retained the indomitable courage and pride of her ancestors.

Anyway, I was given a basketful of foodstuffs and told to try her with them. There were bottles of cream, glasses of calves'-foot jelly, beef-extract, and other things in the basket, and, fearful of discovery, I laid the offering silently at her door under cover of

night. In the morning, when I went back, the whole lot lay smashed to fragments against the wall, and a trio of jackdaws were wrangling over the wreckage. I never took any more, and Lady Gaut never mentioned the matter to me. She had given sufficient indication of her attitude toward charity.

Just about this time, the snow started—much earlier than usual. Storm succeeded storm, and as the days went by the whole countryside was buried under a carpet two feet thick. Then there was a brief thaw that melted the surface of the snow, followed by a frost that armoured it with ice.

The frost continued for weeks. The grouse were forced to retreat, great packs of them drifting south to the open straths, and the hares went with them. Only a few ptarmigan remained on the high tops. It was an Arctic winter. I thought to myself, this will shift Quedaer. But it didn't, though heaven knows what she got to eat, or how she survived the bitter blasts that swept her exposed perch. I watched her often through the binoculars, and, like the old woman, she grew haggard and her plumage unkempt. Her flight weakened, and I was sure she could not last long if she remained on Black Rock.

Then, when Ronald Lealand came up for Christmas, and, like the enthusiastic ass he was, brought a peregrine to do some hunting on the glacial heights, Dewar had an inspiration. He asked Lealand :

‘Would that bird o’ yours kill an owl?’

‘Why, yes, I daresay she would if she were shown it flying,’ replied Lealand.

So Dewar made arrangements to put a period to the owl’s career in this astonishing fashion. I had little doubt that, could Quedaer be forced to flight while the falcon was on her ‘pitch,’ she would be doomed to a swift and terrible ending. A trained falcon, as you may know, will even strike down a wild member of its own tribe.

However, a renewal of the storm delayed affairs for a day or two, and in the interval, and in accordance with my function as official tell-tale, I acquainted Lady Gaut with the latest news, adding that this looked very much like the end of the feud. She questioned me closely, and I couldn’t keep my eyes off her face while she spoke, she looked so ghastly. Then, when all had been said, she remarked, very quietly and strangely, I thought :

‘Well, well ; I shall have to help her again.’

And that night Lady Gaut went and died. What do you make of that ? I found her wasted and feather-light old figure curled up

at the base of Black Rock in the morning under a mantle of snow. There was an inquest, naturally, and a benign old coroner asked me what her Ladyship had said when last we met. I repeated her last words. The old gentleman looked taken aback, and a puzzled frown overspread his face. Then, unable to make anything of it, he ignored this feature of the case and declared that the poor old soul had died of malnutrition and exposure. Maybe she did.

On the day following the inquest, I was invited to accompany Lealand and Dewar to Black Rock with the falcon. Her name was Peal. She was a magnificent bird, with long tapering wings and great black talons. She wore hood and jesses, and rode on Lealand's gauntleted fist. Whilst we still were some distance from the crag, Dewar put his glass on the larch.

'Damn it,' he said, referring to the owl, 'she's no' there.'

But when he lowered the telescope and swept the vicinity, he discovered her perched on the boulder from which the fox had taken the trap. I heaved an involuntary sigh, for my friend could not have been in a less fortunate position. On the tree she might have refused to fly, and so have been safe from harm; but here she hadn't the ghost of a chance.

We sneaked forward from hillock to hillock, until we were about a hundred yards from the owl. Her back was toward us, and we had not been seen. Crouching in the snow behind a rock, we viewed Quedaer for a little, and I could tell by her listless attitude that she was far from well. And the fact that she was down here instead of being at roost on the larch indicated that something was amiss.

However, Lealand removed the hood and released the falcon. She sped away, a dark arrowhead against the snowy hills, and began to climb in great, sweeping spirals. The plan was, that when the falcon had reached her pitch and was 'waiting on,' that is: wheeling level while awaiting the appearance of her quarry, we were to advance and put the owl up.

But we didn't get the chance. Immediately the falcon passed over her, Quedaer looked aloft. Then she spread her wide and silent wings, sailed out from the boulder and, to our boundless astonishment, began to climb in the wake of the peregrine.

'What the hell!' said Dewar; and Lealand and I also uttered exclamations of surprise. For a minute or so we could not understand the owl's action. I experienced a most extraordinary sensation, as though confronted with some undeniable manifestation

of the supernatural, when I realised that the owl was flying in pursuit of the falcon.

It was truly incredible, and we could only watch, completely fascinated. And in the ragged form of the owl I seemed to see again a shaggy-haired old woman with piercing eyes and claw-like hands.

Up the peregrine swept in swift and dazzling flight that made the owl seem painfully slow and clumsy in comparison. But the falcon was perturbed; there was no doubt about that; the unexpected tactics of the owl had put her temporarily out of step. Now and then she hesitated and looked down in uncertainty at the brown wings waving upward from below.

I studied Quedaer in those moments as I never did before. There was just a hint of desperation in her manner, but it could not veil the deadly intentness of purpose that steered her flight. There was something ominous about her, something grim and purposeful that gave me the impression that she was ignoring danger whilst executing a mission that simply must be carried through.

Still Peal rose, and still Quedaer followed. Up and up they went till the falcon reached her diving-point. Here she ceased to climb, wheeled closely on a wing-tip, tilted over, then drew in her pinions and dropped like a black meteor down the sky.

I waited for the dull thud and the burst of feathers that would announce the end of Quedaer. We could hear the thin whistle of the stoop, the dark projectile hissing down on the brown-mottled target at a terrific speed. Lealand jumped up. 'She's got it!' he yelled. Dewar and I leapt up. 'No, by the Lord, *NO!*' I bellowed back. 'She's *missed!*' That great old owl had tilted up at the last moment and jerked aside, and the falcon merely ripped a single feather from Quedaer.

Peal exhausted her momentum in a beautiful upward curve, the 'throw up' of the falconers, that carried her a couple of hundred feet above the owl, then she swung on to her pitch again. Quedaer looked up, and I wondered how she was seeing in the daylight. Her old night-time eyes would be at a disadvantage. But when Peal whipped down in another headlong stoop, the wary owl foiled her once more.

The peregrine screamed at my friend as she passed on her upward flight again. Peal was becoming furiously angry. A few seconds elapsed; the falcon spun quickly on her pitch, poised as though taking careful aim, then fell for the third time. As she sped down, Quedaer, too, closed her wings and dived earthward, falling like a stone. I said to myself in dismay: 'Oh, heavens, she's giving in.'

Peal came down far faster than the heavily plumaged owl and struck Quedaer a violent, stunning blow, but instead of bouncing off she seemed to cling to the owl, and, breast to breast, with wings flung wide, they dropped together to the snow. But it was Quedaer that clung to the peregrine. The speed of her own fall and the depth of her feathers saved her from the terrible claws and cushioned the concussion blow of Peal. And Quedaer's infinitely more terrible talons were driven in a savage clutch clean through the plumage, flesh and bone of the peregrine.

We ran forward. Quedaer was half-flying, beating heavily across the snow, dragging the falcon with her. Suddenly, something seemed to go wrong with the owl's wings. They fluttered like those of a bird that is shot. She left her lifeless victim lying beside a boulder, then staggered back, supporting herself on her tail, Then, very softly, and very slowly she toppled over, breast down, spread her wings tremulously, and her grey-brown head sank down to rest on the snow.

I knew before I reached her that old Quedaer was dead. I took her up immediately and received a shock when I felt her weight. There could have been scarcely a fragment of flesh on her; she was nothing but feathers and bones. I lifted the plumage at the point where the peregrine had struck. There was no sign of injury. Quedaer, like the old Lady Gaut, had died of starvation; the tremendous effort involved in the killing of the peregrine had quenched the last, fading spark of her vitality.

But a sudden shout from Lealand attracted my attention. 'Look!' he cried, pointing to the body of his falcon. I stared in blank astonishment. It was being slowly drawn into a hollow under the boulder. I reached down and snatched it back, and dragged into the daylight another brown owl—a cock owl with only one wing, the owl that we thought the forester had killed three years before. We stared at it, our minds working furiously, and we remembered that owls mate for life. Then, suddenly, we understood everything. God, that was a terrible moment!

I placed Quedaer's wasted old form in the hollow that had held her mate so long, and left her under a mantle of snow in the shadow of her own Black Rock. Her mate is still alive and well; he lives in my garden with me.

And now, may I ask you, whom would you say had won the feud? Was it Bob Dewar? Or was it Quedaer? Or had old Lady Gaut anything to do with it?

## TALES OF A GUIDE.

BY THURSTAN TOPHAM.

### V. THE GAME WARDEN.

*In the summary of the Fish and Game Laws of the Province of Quebec, rule number 30 reads as follows :*

*'It is forbidden, for anyone engaged in lumbering or mining operations or public works of any kind to have in his possession fire-arms or any other hunting apparatus, or game of any kind, whether whole or in part.'*

*Shaw read this out one evening from the copy that is posted on the wall of the clubhouse.*

*'That's a funny sort of law,' he remarked. 'Let's ask Pete about it when he comes in.'*

*And a little later when Pete brought in the rod-top he had been splicing for me, I said, 'Pete, is it true that men working on lumber camps are not allowed to keep fire-arms with them?'*

*'Dat's right,' nodded Pete, 'but dat's onlee w'at de law say! Mebbe eet's good law, because dere ees some pretty tough guy' work on de lumber sometam'. Eef dey don' like somebody, mebbe dey weel take crack at heem wit' gun, w'en he ees all alone on de fores'. Dat 'as 'appen sometam'. Also eef h'everybody carry de gun on de moose countree, you bet soon dere ees no more moose. De crooked butcher on de village weel buy all de moose for sell on de secret, for send on Quebec ou Montréal.*

*But, mos' of de game warden', dey pretty good guy', don' look too 'ard for fin' de gun, eef de camp ees be'ave nice. All de camp I work on dey 'ave some gun'. Me too! Eef I am all alone on de trail w'ere dere ees plenty dem small black bear', an' de tam' of de year eet ees August, I am know verree well eef I meet on some bear wit' couple cub', dat bear he's more like put de cub' on de tree and go for me. So I'm carry small shot-gun w'at ees good for de *perdriz* (wood grouse), but also I am carry two t'ree *cartouches* w'at ees load' wit' ball. No good for shoot straight on de distance, but dey weel stop de bear w'en 'e ees close.*

An' dat's lak' I'm tole you, de warden' for de mos' ees not too 'ard. Dey 'ave de *discretion*.

Wan camp w'ere I am work de warden on dat place ees got de grouch an' 'e mak' quarrel wit' de cook. De cook ees beeg fat feller, name' Jean Beaubien; we call heem "Ti-Jean," hee's fonny guy, h'always laugh for somet'ing, hee's lak' hees joke. W'en he laugh he shake all h'over.

*Bien*, dees warden make de cook mad, because she won't let heem put de night-line on de lake for de beeg *truite-gris*, an' he keep de watch for dat. W'en he fin' de line he take eet. De cook she's mad an' de men, w'at dey don't get de feesh for de brekfes', dey don't lak' dat also. But de boss on de camp he say he don't want no trouble wit' de *compagnie*, an' he tole de men dey mus' do w'at de game warden say, an' wan day he weel go too far, an' lose de job. An' on de fineesh he say, "Don' let dat feller fin' no gun'. I know some of you men got de gun', but so long I don' see dat an' so long de warden don' see dat, I say no more!"

But de cook he's boun' for get even wit' de warden, who ees call' McCluskey. An' wan day, de warden call on de camp, 'bout *midi* for make *inspection*. He don' fin' not'ing wrong an' h'everybody verree *gentil*. De boss go on de cook'ouse an' tole de cook for serve McCluskey some food. I am jus' come from de work an' I am talk wit' de cook, "Ti-Jean." An' w'en de boss ees gone "Ti-Jean" wink de h'eye on me an' say, "Pete, you know w'ere dat moose-meat ees hide'. You go cut me nice steak for McCluskey. I don' want heem see me leave de cook'ouse."

Me, I know "Ti-Jean" got some joke h'up de sleeve an' I go an' cut de steak an' go 'roun' de back of de cook'ouse an' geev it "Ti-Jean" t'rough de window.

In leetle w'ile "Ti-Jean" bang on de iron bar w'at he 'ave for call de men *pour manger*. H'everybody go on de mess'ouse an' McCluskey go also. 'E seet all alone. An' "Ti-Jean" bring de pea-soup firs'. An w'ile McCluskey eat de soup he say he's glad for fin' no gun on de camp.

Den "Ti-Jean" bring McCluskey de moose-steak. He say, "Dat's de nice beef I am got for you!"

McCluskey look 'ard at dat steak an' take de knife an' fork an' cut some. W'en he taste eet, he look 'roun', verree *sérieux* on de face. He shout, "Dat ees no beef, dat ees moose!"

"Ti-Jean" grin on de face. "Sure dat ees beef! *Bœuf-du-bois*! W'ere you t'ink we get moose?"

De warden, he's mad lak' hell. He don' see no joke. "I know dam' well dat's moose. W'ere ees de res'?"

"You look all 'roun' you jus' now, don't see no moose? You crazee?" say "Ti-Jean," an' de men start for laugh. McCluskey he know he's be made de fool, an' he don' lak'.

"All right," he say. "You fellers got dat moose hid an' mebbe I don't fin' heem, but *somebody* got de gun an' I am stay right 'ere till I am seize dat gun. Dat weel be jus' too bad for de man w'at I catch! An' I am geev myself wan guess hees name ees Jean Beaubien."

An' "Ti-Jean" say, very solemn, "McCluskey, are you make de t'reat on me?"

"No! I'm tole de warning!" say McCluskey.

"Ti-Jean" wave de han' 'roun'. He say, "Eef you see some gun' 'roun' here you grab heem. But you mak' de *grand erreur*. H'everybody on de camp ees good man, don' do not'ing bad lak' dat." An' all de men spik' lak' dey ees good leetle boy' on de Sunday School.

So McCluskey he don' say no more, he's too mad. He fineesh for eat de steak, because he's hungry and de cook won't geev heem no more. Dat small steak she's no good for *evidence* on de court nohow. An' on de *après-midi*, he search all on de camp; he look h'under de mattress', on de bunk'ouse, he h'open h'all de trunk, but de gun, he don' fin' heem at all. An' de cook he h'offer for 'elp' eem. He say he lak' verree moch for fin' eef dere ees some bad feller' got some gun', but 'e feel lak' eet's onlee waste de tam'! McCluskey get more mad.

At de fineesh, he fin' not'ing. An' at las' 'e start for leeve de camp. De cook, he ees watch heem from de window an' w'en 'e ees sure McCluskey go 'way, he pull out de beeg stove an' h'under de leg of de stove ees loose board on de floor. He push on de board an' bring h'out de gun. Den he ron to de door an' he shoot t'ree shot on de h'air; bang, bang, bang! He ron queeck to de stove, put back de gun an' pull de stove on de board once more. Two, t'ree minute pass, an' McCluskey rush on de cook'ouse.

"W'ere ees dat gun?" he shout. He's got de foam on de mout', look lak' he's going for burs'.

De cook sit calm on de chair, smoke de pipe. He look up at McCluskey, lak' 'e ees all surprise! "W'at gun?" 'e say.

McCluskey stamp de foot an' shake de fis'. He's so mad he can't spik!

"Ti-Jean" say, "You still got dat bug on de brain? W'at make you t'ink lak' dat?"

McCluskey he choke on de t'roat. He shout, "I am jus' 'ear t'ree shot, an' now I am smell de smoke also!"

"Ti-Jean" look at heem wit' de frown on de face. He h'ask heem, "You not feel verree good, McCluskey? You got some pain on de head? Mebbe you stan' in de sun wid'out de hat?"

By gar, you nevaire hear de word lak' McCluskey say. At las' 'e call "Ti-Jean" de very bad name an' "Ti-Jean" don' lak' eet. He rise from de chair an' grab on de cleaver. He say, "You get h'out from de cook'ouse before I sock you on de 'ead."

But McCluskey he go crazee an' he strike de cook on de nose. De cook he sneeze an' he swing dat cleaver an' catch McCluskey wit' de flat side on de ear, w'at ees knock him col'. He ben' on de knee an' he fall down on de floor. Some of de men come h'out from w'ere dey are watch. Me too. I say, "I 'ope you keel de son of a gun!"

But McCluskey, he's not keel'. We put some water on de head an' he ees all right. De boss come in too, he 'ear somet'ing. He h'ask w'at 'appen. He leesten w'at h'everybody say; he hear McCluskey also. He tole heem lak' dees; he say, "McCluskey, you h'ask for trouble long tam', now you got eet. You can't put de blame on 'Ti-Jean,' you insult heem an' you strike heem de firs'. Plenty witness for dat. You look for gun, you don' fin' heem. All right, dat's h'all! More bettaire you go 'way before somebody 'urt you. An' I'm put in de complaint 'gainst you on de *compagnie*."

So McCluskey he go 'way an' de boss, sure, he put in de complaint an' in de en' McCluskey lose de job an' we get de new game warden w'at he's good feller, don' see too moch, an' tak' hees moose-steak for beef w'en he eat on de camp.'

*(To be concluded.)*

### THE RUNNING BROOKS.

- Hitler* : Konrad Heiden (Constable, 10s. n.).  
*The Bastille Falls* : J. B. Morton (Longmans, 12s. 6d. n.).  
*A Courtesan of Paradise* : Margaret Truncer (Faber, 15s. n.).  
*Self and Partners* : Sir Charles Holmes (Constable, 18s. n.).  
*As I Remember* : E. E. Kellett (Gollancz, 10s. 6d. n.).  
*Song for Sixpence* : Geoffrey Pollett (Longmans, 8s. 6d. n.).  
*The Old Man's Coming* : Gustaf Janson (Lovat Dickson, 8s. 6d. n.).  
*The Thinking Reed* : Rebecca West (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. n.).  
*Hedge Folk in Twilight* : Phyllis Kelway (Longmans, 6s. n.).

DESPITE the fact that the writing and publication of biographies during the lifetime of their subjects may involve both authors and the people about whom they write in fairly considerable difficulties, the practice is becoming, if not more popular, at any rate more frequent than in the past. That there is, however, a good deal to be said in favour of the method is obvious. Praise cannot harm the really great. And eulogy, however magnificently rhetorical, loses much in potency and sweetness when it blossoms only upon a grave. Moreover, the opportunity to hit back against misrepresentation or maligning is valuable not only in the interests of fair play; it also, if cynically, provides excellent publicity.

Not that Herr Konrad Heiden would seem to have been influenced by any of these considerations in his biography of *Hitler*, which, though it may irritate the reader by its often exclamatory style, and also evoke no little discomfort in regard to some of its contents and the attitude governing their presentation, is both important as a document and interesting as a book. Herr Heiden, who is already known for his 'Story of National Socialism,' writes with what is plainly an intimate knowledge of conditions, of people, of outlooks, and reactions. That the sources of his information are seldom mentioned is, in all the circumstances, no less understandable than the fact that his book has been banned in Germany. To an English reader its admirable survey and interpretation of national conditions and mentality is likely to be of greater value in the search for balanced understanding than its more spectacular, and heavily biased, biographical record. Yet here, too, Herr Heiden's analytical insight cuts deep and sharply. His chapter on 'The Two Hitlers'—the man and the Führer—is among the most

illuminating of a book that, however much it may repel, compels attention and deserves careful study.

Mr. J. B. Morton—whose work as 'Beachcomber' has long since won him a unique place in the ranks of the professional humorists—reveals himself in *The Bastille Falls and Other Studies of the French Revolution* as a writer of excellent descriptive prose which lends both colour and vitality to his account of 'some of the more dramatic events' of the period. The 'studies' are disconnected in so far as they deal with individual people or events, and each is presented only in accordance with documented fact and without the interpolation of invented speeches or dialogue. The portraits are vigorously and movingly drawn, their backgrounds vividly suggested. And though Mr. Morton himself is overmodest in making no claim to scholarship for his book, he has achieved that most difficult of tasks, a humanised reconstruction of fact in terms of 'history, not historical fiction.'

Mrs. Margaret Trouncer has also made an extensive study of the many and varied sources of information from which she has re-created the story of Louise Duchesse de la Vallière in *A Courtesan of Paradise*, a story which, from its idyllic opening in seventeenth-century Touraine, passes through all the peacock brightness, the sordid intrigues of the court of Louis XIV to the contemplative silence of a Carmelite convent. Said to have been the only woman whom Louis XIV ever sincerely loved, Louise herself is a charming, graceful figure in whose characterisation the author reveals, with no little skill, the dual vocation to human and supernatural love which turned the tragedy of the King's disloyalty to spiritual triumph. It is an interesting study, both psychologically and as a 'period piece,' and Mrs. Trouncer makes effective, if sometimes rather over-elaborate, use of the many pictorial and dramatic opportunities afforded by her subject.

No reader of Sir Charles Holmes's delightfully frank and varied reminiscences, *Self and Partners (Mostly Self)*, could wish for the elimination of the bracketed words. For it is the record of his career as schoolboy, undergraduate, publisher, editor, painter, director of picture galleries, and fisherman which carries one through page after page with unabated interest in the company of one whose zest for life and work is as stimulating as his literary ability. The author's distinguished achievements, both as creator and organiser, in the world of art are well known and have been deservedly recognised. His own modest account of them and of the people with

whom they have brought him into professional or friendly contact gives no impression that he has ever forgotten, in the writing of this pleasant, intellectually adventurous book, his self-chosen motto, 'Truth with Charity.'

There are very few adjectives in the English language which, at any rate of recent years, have acquired so definitely 'omnibus' a character as the word 'Victorian.' And the common denominator of its infinite variety of implication is generally invidiousness. It is one of the purposes of Mr. E. E. Kellett's *As I Remember* to show that such a computation is largely due to misunderstanding, mistaken censure, and misconceived opinions based on inadequate knowledge. Born in the 'sixties of the last century, he is able to write from actual observation as well as from accounts given him by other people. His subjects, all treated in relation to their setting, are sufficiently varied to give him an opportunity of examining nearly every aspect of Victorian life and tradition, from Forms of Godliness to Hypocrisy, from Evangelicalism to Politics, from Business to Literature, from the Family and School to Examinations and Oxford Memories. His book is intentionally discursive, but it is none the worse for that. And if his object in writing it is primarily defence of what he believes to be a much-maligned period, his championship has not robbed him of his sense of humour.

Mr. Geoffrey Pollett's *Song for Sixpence* may be described as the adventures of a modern troubadour. For though he did not actually sing during the course of his long tramp from Sussex to Cornwall and back, he peddled his own verses (beautifully printed for the purpose by the St. Dominic's Press) from door to door. His book is an account of that journey, of the receptions with which he met, of the things he saw, and of the people he talked with—many of them well known in the world of literature and poetry. It is a lively little volume, and if its writing is at times somewhat self-conscious, its author has the seeing eye for beauty, as well as a keen appreciation of comedy.

Mr. Claude Napier's able, if somewhat unequal, translation of Mr. Gustaf Janson's *The Old Man's Coming* gives English readers the opportunity of making acquaintance with a novel of considerable power and interest. Staged in and around a Swedish country house and peopled with a large number of characters, each extremely well and individually drawn, the book is in the main a study in hatred—a hatred so systematically fostered during the years of absence of Charles Henri de Grévy, the 'Old Man' of the title,

from his property as to become in the end a fanatical obsession. Against this dramatic background the author has grouped the people of his story in sensitively balanced contrast and effect. Each is to some extent a type and has his or her appropriate place in the symbolism that underlies the book's design. But each is also, and vividly, a human being. Mr. Janson knows, too, how to create atmosphere simply and economically. And though the old man's coming is long delayed, the tension that precedes it is so well maintained, and the events that follow it are so unexpected and yet so logical, that not a page is tedious or too much.

*The Thinking Reed*, the first novel which Miss Rebecca West has given us for seven years, is an extremely up-to-date version of the story of the poor little rich girl. For Isabelle, a wealthy American widow married to a still wealthier French manufacturer of motor-cars, must needs spend much of her time in the company of a group of people whose sole occupation seems to be the visiting of one Continental pleasure-resort after another. And as neither she, nor her husband, Marc Sallafranque, has anything in common with these so-called friends, the nervous strain and irritation of their companionship comes near to wrecking an eminently satisfactory marriage. It is this marriage which is the real subject of the book. And Miss West treats the two people concerned with so much wit, sympathy, and humorous insight that a happy issue out of their afflictions of inordinate wealth and impossible friends becomes a matter of some urgency to the reader. The ultimate solution of the problem is simplicity itself, and is the outcome of the characters of Marc and Isabelle. The book abounds in good 'lines' and skilful verbal manipulations. But its extreme sophistication and the glitter of its most entertaining manner are but the surface decorations of a fundamentally simple and serious theme.

Miss Phyllis Kelway, author of the article on page 558, has written also a charming book, entitled *Hedge Folk in Twilight*, in which she gives an account, illustrated with excellent photographs, of many of her furred, and feathered, and spiny friends. Having lost her curiosity as a scientist, Miss Kelway tells us, she has come to wish 'only for the intimacy of personal knowledge and companionship.' That her wish has been fulfilled in a remarkable degree this book bears witness. To read it is to share in the delight and interest of one who, patiently and humorously observing, has learned a great deal.

M. E. N.

## THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 151.

THE Editor of the CORNHILL offers two prizes of books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue, to the two solvers of the Literary Acrostic whose letters are opened first. Answers must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must contain the Coupon from page v of the preliminary pages of this issue. They must reach the Editor by the 30th May.

' Full many a gem of ——— ray ——— , '

1. ' From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy ——— take : '
2. ' O sweet Fancy ! let her loose  
Everything is spoilt by ——— : '
3. ' I read you by your bugle horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ——— sworn.'
4. ' But all things ——— about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ; '
5. ' Stand close around, ye ——— set,  
With Dirce in one boat convey'd ! '
6. ' So ——— five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round.'

Answer to Acrostic 149, March number : ' But no matter—I feel I am *BETTER* at *LENGTH* ' (Poe : ' For Annie '). 1. *BelL* (Tennyson : ' In Memoriam '). 2. *EntireE* (Wordsworth : ' Ode on the Intimations of Immortality '). 3. *ThorN* (Scott : ' The Rover's Adieu '). 4. *TwinklInG* (Shelley : ' To a Skylark '). 5. *EvidenT* (Emerson ; ' Uriel '). 6. *RutH* (Keats : ' Ode to a Nightingale ').

The first correct answers opened were sent by A. C. D. Small, Esq., 266 High Street, Glasgow, C.4, and Miss Todhunter, Riverdere, Bourne End. These two solvers are invited to choose books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue.

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